

FRONTISPIECE



*Pastoral Innocence, or the
Sweets of Harmony.*

The
UNIVERSAL SONGSTER
OR
Harmony and Innocence:

An Elegant and Polite Selection

OF

MODERN and APPROVED

SONGS

Many of which are not inserted
in any other Collection.

A New Edition



W. LANE

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall Street.



INDEX.



A.

A T the dead of the night when by whiskey inspir'd	17
A shepherd wander'd we are told	18
Ah! rose forgive that hand severe	36
A dance round the may-pole my bosom delights	38
An anxious mother search'd in vain	50
At ev'ning, when my work is done	73
As t'other day young Damon stray'd	76
Abandon'd and rejected	101
A shepherdess one morning fair	103
Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu	111
Adieu, my Fernando, for ever	123
As motley is thy fancied gear	129
At the very best of houses, where the best of people dine	136
As bright as the morning the sons of the chase	153
Autumn's plenteous crops appear	161
Arise, my fair, the morn invites	163
As pendent o'er the limpid stream	164

Harding C Dobbs

INDEX.

At ruddy eve and rosy dawn	—	—	—	193
Auspicious spirits guard my love	—	—		222
As mourns the soft songster confin'd from the spray				240
A shepherd lov'd a nymph so fair	—	—	—	256
A flaxen-headed milkmaid	—	—	—	263
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd		—	—	269

B.

Behold, denied their airy flight	—	—	—	33
Beauty blooms on ev'ry thorn	—		—	95
But three months yet I've been a wife			—	109
Busy, curious, thirsty fly	—	—	—	117
Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn	—		—	202
By the gaily circling glass	—	—	—	226
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain			—	228
Ben Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna	—		—	234
Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree	—		—	267

C.

Come hither, ye belles, aye and likewise ye beaus	—			1
Come buy my ripe cherries, fair maidens, come buy				22
Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light	—	—		35
Come, all hands a-hoy, to the anchor	—		—	62
Come sweet innocence, charming maid			—	104
Come, dear Pastora, come away	—		—	115
Come, dear Amanda, quit the town	—		—	117
Come, live with me, and be my love	—		—	118
Come, gentle zephyr, lend thy aid	—		—	144

INDEX.

Cease, cease, ye birds of the grove	—	—	162
Cupid, lovely charming boy	—	—	167
Come Roger and Nell	—	—	247
Come, festive mirth, and social joy	—	—	258
Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse	—	—	273

D.

D'ye mind me, I once was a sailor	—	—	10
Dear Nancy I've sailed the world all around	—	—	123
Don't you remember a poor carpet-weaver	—	—	188
Despairing beside a clear stream	—	—	217
Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure	—	—	275

E.

Ere I had well grown to an age	—	—	14
Element of liquid beauty	—	—	250

F.

Patsh te matter, goot folks	—	—	4
Fair Anna lov'd a rustic boy	—	—	26
From the light down that mocks the gale	—	—	37
Fill, fill the glass, to beauty charge	—	—	54
Fairer than fair Eden's bow'r	—	—	70
For England, when, with fav'ring gale	—	—	74
Fair Ellen was a gentle maid	—	—	135
Fair Nancy pin'd in sorrow	—	—	140
From shades of night does morning break	—	—	183

INDEX.

Fair Kate of Weymouth lov'd a tar	—	—	210
Flock round me, ye pastoral swains	—	—	260

G.

Gentle love this hour befriend me	—	—	67
Gaily tripping to and fro	—	—	133
Go, gentle zephyr, go	—	—	142
Gen living worth could win my heart	—	—	259

H.

How sweet is the breeze at eve's modest hour	—	—	6
How happy my days ere my love left the plain	—	—	7
Hast thou not seen in morning's orient eye	—	—	12
How gaily roll'd the moments on	—	—	39
How oft' when cooling zephyrs play	—	—	47
Hark, hark, Eliza's tuneful voice	—	—	64
How mistaken is the lover	—	—	67
His form by nature's hand was cast	—	—	69
Hark, hark, the clarion sounds afar	—	—	76
Here's a health to all good lasses	—	—	122
Harry is a charming lad	—	—	125
How sweetly fits the simplest phrase	—	—	195
Hark, hark, from the woodlands the loud swelling horn	—	—	209
Hark, hark, the shrill horn calls the sportmen abroad	—	—	220
How happy is the sailor's life	—	—	221
Hear me ye nymphs and ev'ry swain	—	—	227
Hope to sooth a wand'ring lover	—	—	241
How merrily we live that soldiers be	—	—	250

INDEX.

I.

In life's fair morn a maiden gay	—	—	
It was one eve, in summer weather	—	—	
In this chaos of new-fangled modes that we live	—	—	
I am a cheerful fellow, although a married man	—	—	
In defence of her sex sure a woman may speak	—	—	
In a cottage I live, and the cot of content	—	—	
In the low-winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream	—	—	
If joys unblemish'd be thy aim	—	—	
If all the world and love were young	—	—	18
In merry Sherwood we merry men all	—	—	11
I've often been told of the anguish of love	—	—	12
In the cup of female life	—	—	13
In all the nations round us	—	—	13
In poverty's garb tho' tis true I'm array'd	—	—	14
In the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath	—	—	148
Ising of that life of delight beyond measure	—	—	150
I've lost my heart, I've lost my heart	—	—	168
I've sail'd round the world, view'd all nations and climes	—	—	189
In the garb of old Gaul and the fire of old Rome	—	—	201
In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain	—	—	215
In lonely cot, by Humber-side	—	—	255
I strive to conquer mighty love	—	—	242
If gold could lengthen life, I swear	—	—	248

L.

Love, thou strange capricious boy	—	—	40
Love's a sweet, a gen'rous passion	—	—	70

INDEX.

When they meet return	— — —	196
Miles of youth appearing	— —	246

M.

My lassies draw near, I'm a pedlar so gay	— —	131
Love to war is going	— —	144
Rose is sure the sweetest lass	— —	170
Belle coquette, ah! why disdain	— —	174
My Colin leaves fair London town	— —	177
My friends all declare that my time is mis-spent	— —	215
My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook	— —	230
My father was a tinker's son	— —	261
My banks are all furnish'd with bees	— —	279

N.

Ned oft' had brav'd the field of battle	— —	30
Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship	— —	48
Now safe moor'd with bowl before us	— —	88
No hue of the rose can compare	— —	98
Not to the victories of a year	— —	99
Now the dancing sun-beams play	— —	131
No longer tempt me from my duty	— —	156
Near bow'ry Richmond, Thames's pride	— —	186
No glory I covet, no riches I want	— —	265

INDEX.

O.

Our newly-earn'd laurels we'll proudly display	—	
O search round the world, mine the very best trade is		
O listen, listen to the voice of love	—	—
Of all the swains both far and near	—	—
Of horses and hounds who scud swift o'er the plain	—	
On a bank of sweetest flow'rs	—	—
Oh! had I Allen Ramsay's art	—	—
Once friends I had, but, ah! too soon	—	—
O you whose lives on land are pass'd	—	16
Observe how enchanting, what airs and grimaces	—	18
Oh! hapless youth, to grandeur born	—	18
One night gay Bacchus at a banquet	—	18
On ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain	—	20
On Etrick's banks ae summer's night	—	22
Of all sensations pity brings	—	23
Oh! young affection's glowing train	—	24
Oh! Nanny wilt thou fly with me	—	24
Old England's a lion stretch'd out at her ease	—	25

P.

Primroses deck'd the bank's green side	—	100
--	---	-----

R.

Rosy wine is the key that will open the heart	—	25
Returning spring resumes the groves	—	171
Returning home across the plain	—	216

INDEX.

S.

Strav'ler, tarry here to-night	—	—	27
the zephyr's breezy wing	—	—	28
the lark finds repose	—	—	31
beneath yon bow'r of roses	—	—	33
et are the charms of her I love	—	—	114
ll, blest lovers, in your fight	—	—	138
et peace restore thy wonted rest	—	—	194
et, O sweet the breeze of morning	—	—	196
I wasting in despair	—	—	224
et peace restore thy wonted rest	—	—	285

T.

The morning is up, the morning is up	—	—	15
The eldest born of lovely spring	—	—	16
Thro' France, through all the German regions	—	—	28
To win and to wear a sweet creature	—	—	32
Twin roses you've archly contriv'd	—	—	34
They tell me I'm too young to wed	—	—	44
Three lovers I boast who are handsome and smart	—	—	49
Tis in vain for succour calling	—	—	68
The silver rain, the pearly dew	—	—	71
This world is a stage	—	—	83
Thro' forests drear I once did stray	—	—	93
Take, O take those lips away	—	—	96
There the moon-silver'd waters roam	—	—	98
The blush on her cheek was by modesty drest	—	—	99

INDEX,

Thus for men the women fair	_____	122
'The rose that weeps with morning dew	—	126
The dauntless sailor leaves his home	_____	134
Tho' Old England cry'd William, invites me to arms		146
Tho' late and early I do pad	— —	147
To be sure I don't love in my heart now	_____	149
The dew lightly fell on the sweet-briar thorn	_____	152
The swelling canvas caught the breeze	_____	154
The slow rising morn glads the top of the hills	—	155
The sun, when arising bespangles the dew	_____	173
To distant shores the breezy wind	— —	175
'Twas at the hour of day's decline	_____	176
To pleasure swell the jovial cry	— —	181
Toll, toll the knell	_____	181
The dew lightly fell on the sweet-briar thorn	—	190
The generous heart where friendship dwells	—	192
Tho' I am humble, mean, and poor	— —	197
The last time I came o'er the moor	— —	198
The fatal hours are wondrous near	_____	206
The eve her silver vestment wore	— —	211
That May-day of life is for pleasure	_____	219
'Twas at that season of the year	— —	237
The sun just glancing through the trees	_____	238
The night her silent sable wore	— —	239
Thyrsis, when he left me, swore	— —	247
The bard who glows with Grub-street fire	_____	253
To arms, ye brave mortals, to arms	— —	269
The sun was sunk beneath the hill	— — —	271

INDEX.

U.

Uncheering was the fatal morn	— — —	87
Up among yon cliffy rocks	— — —	200

V.

Vain is every fond endeavour	— —	91
------------------------------	-----	----

W.

When the farmer has fallow'd and till'd all his land	—	3
Would you know, pretty Nan, how we pass'd our time		20
When on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd	—	31
Where Lowestoff waves its yellow corn	— —	43
Who hunt after fortune attend	— — —	59
When first thy soft lips I but civilly press'd	—	66
When thou art absent, charming maid	— —	72
Where two tall elms their verdant boughs entwine	—	77
When Britain first, at heav'n's command	— —	81
When our enemies rise and defiance proclaim	—	86
When first Young Harry told his tale	— —	92
While the beams bright morn	— — —	94
When spring resum'd her motly dress	—	94
With gold from the East the bright sun tips the hills		102
Why, cruel creature, why so bent	— —	110
Waft me some soft and cooling breeze	— —	112
When Damon languish'd at my feet	— —	113
Would we attain the happiest state	— — —	120
Why, who art thou there, thou fierce fellow	— —	127
When love gets you fast in his clutches	— —	128

INDEX.

When night, and left upon my guard	—	—	123
When nights were cold, and rain and fleet	—	—	165
When ifickles hang by the wall	—	—	166
When spring returning decks the groves	—	—	172
When sleep has clos'd the trav'ler's eyes	—	—	179
When jealous miser's starve in wealth	—	—	180
We who wand'ring Arabs are	—	—	182
When with wishes soft and tender	—	—	185
When morn, 'twixt mountain and the sky	—	—	187
Why o'er the verdant banks of ooze	—	—	208
Would ye know true true enjoyment? come list to my lay			212
When hoary frost hung on each thorn	—	—	214
When rural lads and lassies gay	—	—	229
What is beauty but a flow'r	—	—	231
When last honest Jack of whose fate i now sing	—	—	233
Why drops that tear, Britannia, say	—	—	242
Where are those hours fled	—	—	255
When hawthorn buds began to blow	—	—	257
What beauties does Flora disclose	—	—	274
Why will you my passion reprove	—	—	281

Y.

Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast	—	—	11
Ye nymphs and swains	—	—	22
Young Donald is the blithest lad	—	—	41
Young sandy once a wooing came	—	—	42
Ye dull sleeping mortals of every degree	—	—	52
Young Will of the Green is the lad to my mind	—	—	53
Ye streams that round my prison creep	—	—	75
You gentlemen of England	—	—	105

INDEX.

You say, my dear girl, that I'm given to rove	—	130
Ye sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land	—	157
Ye gentle nympts and gen'rous dames	— —	205
Yes , these are the scenes, where with Iris I've stray'd		207
Young Carlos su'd a beauteous maid	— —	249
Yeomen attend, who, sword in hand	— —	251
Yet fair married dames, who so often deplore	—	266
Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay	—	277
Ye shepherds give ear to my lay	— —	283

Z.

Zooks that an old man can't keep a chicken	—	193
---	---	-----

THE MUSIC FOR THESE SONGS TO BE HAD AT

• LONGMAN AND BRODERIP'S, CHEAPSIDE.

† LINLEY'S, (LATE BLAND'S) HOLBORN.

‡ PRESTON AND SON'S, STRAND.

§ CULLIFORD, ROLFE, AND BARROW'S, CHEAPSIDE.

|| A. BLAND AND WELLERS, OXFORD-STREET.

THE
UNIVERSAL SONGSTER;
OR,
HARMONY AND INNOCENCE.

S O N G.†

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

COME hither ye belles, aye and likewise ye beaus,
Come hither and mind what I have to express;
'Tis the way to get married I mean to disclose,
A way of some moment you all must confess:
Physicians its known for advice claim a fee,
But I—Oh! I'm not by self-interest carried;
And so you are welcome to my recipe,
Which is, if you like it, the way to get married.

B

Now

Now lovers attend, and I hope there's some here,
 Don't trifle too long about this thing or that,
 But when you are bent on an object so dear,
 Let prudence direct you, and mind what you're at:
 To love and be lov'd is the highest of joy,
 Then be not, I pray, by indifference carried;
 Let honor and truth all your actions employ,
 Which is, if you like it, the way to get married.

Tho' money may sometimes be deem'd very well,
 Yet riches can never true pleasures impart;
 'Tis love, and love only each care can repel, —
 'Tis love, and love only that conquers the heart!
 Then make it your study to follow my plan,
 All you who live single, and too long have tarried;
 Court with zeal, like true lovers, as soon as you can,
 Which is, if you like it, the way to get married.

S O N G. ‡

ELLEN'S FATE DESERVES A TEAR.

Sung by Master Welsh.

IN life's fair morn, a maiden gay,
 Meek Ellen, wander'd light and free;
 Where pleasure wing'd the shining day,
 Among the flowery wilds of Dee:
 In beauty like the vernal scene,
 Like balmy gales her mind serene;

'Till

Till luckless love her heart oppress'd,
 And banish'd from her bosom rest :
 Now she warbles soft and slow,
 Madrigals of plaintive woe ;
 Hear the tale — in pity's ear,
 Ellen's fate deserves a tear.

The shepherd's idol and delight,
 In pride of youth the virgin shone ;
 Their theme by day and dream by night,
 Why wonder that she was undone !
 Thine, Lubin, was the cruel deed,
 That caus'd her tender heart to bleed ;
 The victim yet of hopeless care,
 Then torn with anguish and despair.
 Still she warbles, &c.

A pensive pilgrim doom'd to stray,
 Her strains a settled grief impart ;
 But still the love-lamenting lay,
 Is soothing to the mourner's heart :
 Her songs no more from frenzy flow,
 Her wildness now is chang'd to woe ;
 Which still delights in tuneful lays,
 To sing of love and happier days.
 Now she warbles soft and slow,
 Madrigals of plaintive woe,
 Hear the tale, in pity hear,
 Ellen's fate deserves a tear.

S O N G. ‡

THE LONG TAIL'D PIG.]

Sung by Mr. Bernard.

FATSH te matter, goot folks,
Dat you pass your jokes,
On dis new fashion goods wat I cry?
Don't you know very well,
Dat a Jew ought to sell,
Whatever a christian vill buy:
If itsh a long-tail'd pig,
Or a short tail'd pig,
Or a pig widout never a tail,
A Jew pig,
Or a true pig,
Or a pig mit a curling-tail.

Tho' I cry no more
Vat I sold you before,
Yet py Cot is comical too,
You may come for a cake,
Widout any mistake,
For dere's always a cake wid a Jew.
Buy my long tail'd pig, &c.

Our

Our peoples may stare,
 When dey hear dish affair,
 Lack a daisy tish noding at all;
 De mistakes vat you meet,
 Ev'ry day in de street,
 Is far vorse den for Smouches to call,
 A long tail'd pig, &c.

You may see a young man,
 As tin as my hand,
 Wid his head in a counsellor's wig;
 And a clumsy old chap,
 In a light-horseman's cap,
 A citizen, fat as a pig.
 A long tail'd pig, &c.

Old hunky, for life,
 Pig in wid a wife,
 And noding but words prevail;
 Den de bus'ness you know,
 To de Proctor dey go,
 And dere by hangs a tale:
 Of a long tail pig, &c.

Here ladies of rank,
 At a Faro bank,
 Dere's a barber's boy in a gig;
 Dere's my Lord and his Grace,
 Vaiting in Duke's-place,
 And here is a Jew selling pig.
 A long tail'd pig, &c.

S O N G.‡

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

HOW sweet is the breeze at eve's modest hour,
 When it murmurs yon lime-trees among!
 When the blackbird and thrush so enchantingly pour,
 Their melodious sweetness of song;
 When slowly adown from the warm-glowing west
 The bright sun is seen to depart,
 When all passion's but love are hush'd into rest,
 I fly to the girl of my heart.

My Anna is gentle, is lovely, is kind,
 Her bosom true sympathy warms;
 Enchanting alike are her person and mind,
 Each possesses a portion of charms;
 For a maiden so lovely, a charmer so bright,
 Who uses no coquetish art;
 I resign all the trifles that others delight,
 And fly to the girl of my heart.

Her eyes that so languidly speak soft desire,
 Her cheeks that so rival the rose,
 In my bosom the softest emotions inspire,
 And charm my fond heart to repose:
 And when her soft accents enraptur'd I hear,
 Thro' my soul they so thrillingly dart—
 Oh! what sounds of sweet melody strike my rapt ear,
 When I meet the sweet girl of my heart.

S O N G. ‡

'TIS HENRY I LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

HOW happy my days e're my love left the plain,
 The pride of the village I fear will be slain:
 Tho' fortune ne'er shone on his humble retreat,
 'Twas happier far than the gay and the great:
 But, alas! the dear youth, is doom'd far to rove,
 And left me to wander alone in the grove;
 Yet firm on his honor and truth I'll rely,
 'Tis Henry I love, and will love till I die.

Tho' fate has depriv'd me of him I adore,
 I'll not prove inconstant for thousands in store;
 I am teaz'd night and day by men of great wealth,
 But what is it all to the blessing of health?
 Tho' they swear that their love shall never decay,
 I'm not quite so weak to believe what they say;
 Or were they sincere, I'd be equally shy,
 'Tis Henry I love, and will love till I die.

As I stray thro' the grove, I sing of my swain,
 And oft' by the murmuring stream I complain;
 Wherever I rove, o'er hill, or o'er dale,
 I think on my love and his absence bewail:
 Oh! may the kind pow'rs waft him safe to his home,
 May his country's cause ne'er more cause him to roam;
 Then blest with my swain, never more will I sigh,
 'Tis Henry I love and will love till I die.

S O N G.†

THE RONDELAÏ.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

WHEN the farmer has fallow'd and till'd all his
land,
And scatter'd the grain from fair industry's hand,
And the team that assisted the harrow and plough,
Has convey'd the rich produce safe home to the mow,
Then what shall we do? what shall we do?

C H O R U S.

Sing harvest home, harvest home,
And rend the wide welkin with harvest home.

When Cudden has whisper'd fair Doll in the ear,
With ditties of love the whole round of a year,
And she has consented his wish to fulfil,
The priest asks the question,—both answer I will:
Then what should they do? what should they do?
Sing harvest home, harvest home
Dear wedlock is always love's harvest home.

Down life's sloping hill while old square-toes jogs on,
And fums up the treasure in store for his son;
Young hopeful thinks long 'till fate winds up the charm
That gives him possession of acres and farm:

Then

Then what should he do? what should he do?
 Sing harvest home, harvest home,
 Old time never fails to bring harvest home.

When the Patriot has bellow'd himself into place,
 And the ribbon long wish'd for is granted His Grace,
 When placemen for pensions employments resign,
 And a crozier and mitre reward the divine:
 Then what should they do? what should they do?
 Sing harvest home, harvest home,
 They join in the stave, and sing harvest home.

When soldiers and sailors return from the wars,
 Recounting their dangers, and boasting their scars,
 While beauty rewards them with kisses and smiles,
 'Midst the blessings of peace they forget all their toils;
 Then what should they do? what should they do?
 Sing harvest home, harvest home,
 Each conquest to Britain brings harvest home.

Now Brunswick's fair Princess arriv'd at our land,
 And gives to a Briton her heart and her hand,
 While we thank gracious fate for the blessing benign,
 And honor the offspring of Brunswick's fair line:
 Then what should we do? what should we do?
 Sing harvest home, harvest home,
 We'll rend the wide welkin with harvest home.

S O N G.†

ENGLISH ALE.

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
 And in different countries I've been,
 If I lie, may I go for a taylor,
 But a thousand fine fights I have seen :
 I've been cram'd with good things like a wallet,
 And I've guzzled more drink than a whale ;
 But the very best stuff to my palate
 Is a glass of your English good Ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
 And ladies may talk of their tea ;
 But I envy them none of their potions,
 A glass of good stingo for me :
 The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
 But my recipe never will fail,
 For the phylic that cures all diseases,
 Is a bumper of English good Ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
 Why, there I had plenty of grog ;
 And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion,
 It sets one's good spirits agog :
 But since upon land I've been steering,
 Experience has alter'd my tale,
 For nothing on earth is so cheering,
 As a bumper of English good Ale.

S O N G.†

YE FREE BORN SONS, BRITANNIA'S BOAST.

Sung by Mr. Davies.

YE free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
 Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
 On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
 From East to West, from pole to pole,
 Fair conquest celebrate your name,
 Witness'd loud by wond'ring fame,
 The lads who dare be free.

Mistake me not my hearts of oak,
 I scorn with liberty to joke,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
 Assist, uphold, your church and state,
 Your great men good, and good men great,
 All, all abroad, at home unite,
 And jovial join in faction's spite,
 Then, then, my friends, you're free.

Ye sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,
 To heroes long enshrin'd in graves,
 A requiem let us sing:
 I Alfred, Henry, Edward, name,
 Then William our deliv'rer came;
 May future ages Brunswick own,
 Perpetual heir to Britain's throne,
 So here's God save the King.

S O N G. ‡

THE MINIATURE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

HADST thou not seen in morning's orient eye,
Some azure gleam mark when the sun was nigh,
And as its fleeting form would steal away,
Found on thy memory its idea stray?
Alike on this fair miniature I trace,
The absent charms of lovely Delia's face.

Hast thou not seen, the evening star, at night,
Dart through the gloom a ray of transient light,
Oft' cheer the peasant's solitary way,
With hopes, fond prospect, of a chearful day?
Alike on this fair miniature I trace,
Midst hopes and fears, my Delia's lovely face.

S O N G. ‡

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

Sung by Mr. Haymes.

OUR newly earn'd laurels we'll proudly display;
And the first of June hail as the great naval day,
When the Sans Cullottes ran from the rare British row,
Kick'd up by the brave and invincible Howe.

Those

Those the first to hail Rodney, will not be last now,
 To applaud the proud vict'ry of gallant Lord Howe,
 Whose success has confirm'd, for the joy of the brave
 That the fleets of Britannia shall still rule the wave.

After three days hard knocks, and refitting all night,
 He, by signal, again call'd them on to the fight;
 Ready, ready, resounded van, centre, and rear,
 Let us bear down upon them, and then, lads, stand
 clear.

Lay me close, said the Admiral, still closer, I say,
 For I always was fond of that old fashion way,
 Ah! quoth Admiral Sans Cullotte, if so you say,
 Hoist de sails of de mountain, we'll scamper away.

With vengeance inspir'd, from the rest of the line,
 Our Brunswick selected the fam'd Jacobine,
 To the deep she was doom'd, and her crew we bewail,
 But on land as at sea may our Brunswicks prevail.

May the offspring of vict'ry be thrice welcome peace,
 May the contests of nations at enmity cease;
 May the toasts of all tars, from the poop to the prow,
 Be, long life to the King, and success to Earl Howe.

SONG.

S O N G.

COT PLESS HUR.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

'ERE I had well grown to an age,
 Allow'd young maids to marry,
 Three youths would fain my hand engage,
 And try'd their suits to carry:
 Young Paddy first put in his claim,
 Then Sandy told soft tales,
 And Taffy, look you, sung his flame,
 And he came up from Wales,
 Cot pless hur,
 And he came up from Wales.

Och! I'm the crature! Paddy sung,
 Take me, I tell you, honey:
 Hoot, hoot, cry'd Sawney, hold your tongue,
 I've lassie got the money:
 Well I, says Taffy, cot no pelf,
 But hur will give, look you,
 Hur heart and soul, besides hurself,
 And hur will love most true,
 Cot pless hur, &c,

Now when I'd well the merits scann'd,
 To fit p their further teasing,
 I e'en to Taffy gave my hand,
 The lad to me most pleating:
 And now he's got me for a wife,
 So well we both agree,
 That few live half so sweet a life
 As my dear Taff and me,
 Cot pless hur, &c.

SONG.

S O N G. ‡

LA LEUP.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

THE morning is up, the morning is up,
 And the gallant falconer's abroad,
 We've each of us had a stirruping cup,
 And of game we'll bring home a load :
 Uncouple the spaniels, and let the dogs try,
 See the partridges there on the wing,
 Quick, quick, jolly falconer, let the hawké fly,
 'Tis a pleasure fit for a king.

Barons of old, and princes so high,
 Lov'd hawking as their lives ;
 The health of the field and the falconer's cry,
 Drown'd even the pipes of their wives :
 Our hawk's they are a gallante show,
 With rings and feather's so fine ;
 The falconer laughs at the sports below,
 And cries the air is mine.
 What sportsman to joys then inferior will stoop,
 While the summit of sporting is hawking—la leup.

SONG.

S O N G.†

JACK AND HIS CHARMING FANNY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE eldest born of lovely spring,
 Primroses gay were blowing;
 The feather'd choir their mattins sing,
 And silver streams were flowing,
 When trowser'd Jack sprang on the beach,
 Alert and spruce as any,
 And eager flew the cot to reach,
 Where dwells his charming Fanny.

Twelve tedious moons he counted o'er,
 Now lively, now down hearted;
 Since from his much lov'd native shore,
 And much lov'd girl he'd parted:
 Had felt the dire Sirocco blow,
 Seen storms and battles many,
 Brav'd death, who lays the hero low,
 But spared him for his Fanny.

He twirl'd the pin—'Who's there?' she cried,
 In accents mildly winning;
 By instinct threw her wheel aside,
 And left to chance her spinning:
 'Tis I, her lover's voice she knew,
 'Twas sweeter far than any!
 Like lightning to her arms he flew,
 And clasp'd his charming Fanny.

True

True love's perplex'd with hopes and fears;
 Oft' ruffled like the ocean;
 But, ah! its joys exceed its cares,
 And transient's the commotion:
 Pale absence proves of love the test,
 And false it renders many;
 But time ne'er told which lov'd the best,
 His Jack or charming Fanny.

S O N G. †

KATTY FLANINGAN.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

AT the dead of the night, when by whiskey in-
 spir'd,
 And pretty Kitty Flanigan my senses had fir'd,
 I tapt at her window, when thus she began,
 O what the de devil are you at!—Get out you naughty
 man.

I gave her a look, O as sly as a thief,
 Or, when hungry, I'd view a fine fir loin of beef;
 My heart is red hot says I, but cold is my skin,
 So pretty Mistress Flanigan, O won't you let me in.

She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mi
 And pleas'd her so mightily, that, 'ere it was da
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd

S O N G. †

FAL LAL LA.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

A SHEPHERD wander'd, we are told,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la;
To seek a straggler of the fold,
Fal lal la, &c.

When passing o'er a fragrant glade,
Descry'd a young and beauteous maid,
And thus to her his vows he paid,
Fal lal la, &c.

Ah! beauteous maid, if you'll be mine,
Fal lal la, &c.

Your brows with cowslips I'll entwine,
Fal lal la, &c.

To you the flowrets as they spring,
In rushy baskets I will bring,
And sweetly by your side I'll sing,
Fal lal la, &c.

The maiden quickly rais'd her head,
Fal lal la, &c.

Her eyes their wonted beauties shed,
Fal lal la, &c.

This sacred spot, ah! shepherd dear,
Approach not as my frowns you fear,
From the sun-beams shelter here,
Fal lal la, &c.

With vows of truth the maid he plies,
 Fal lal la, &c.
 To languish now began her eyes;
 Fal lal la, &c.
 And as along the glade they went,
 His soul on nought but love intent,
 The yielding fair-one blush'd consent,
 Fal lal la, &c.

S O N G.*

WHACK FAL DE RAL.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

○ SEARCH round the world mine the very best
 trade is,

My pleasure and business is all with the ladies;
 With my whack fal de ral, fal de ral la,
 Whack fal de ral, lal de ral la.

I never could think that one wife was plenty—
 The law's against two wives, so I'll marry twenty:
 With a whack fal de ral, &c.

That marriage is good is a well understood thing,
 And I'm always for having enough of a good thing:
 With a whack fal de ral, &c.

Take comfort, my wives, if I'm hang'd 'cause I'm blest
 in ye,
 For marriage and hanging go by destiny:
 With a whack fal de ral, &c.

This marrying trade I never shall alter,
 'Till wedlock's soft noose is exchang'd for a halter;
 With a whack fal de ral, &c.

S O N G.

ALL ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

WOULD you know, pretty Nan, how we pass
our time,
While we failors are tofs'd on the sea?
Why believe me, my girl, in each season and clime,
True hearted and merry we be:
Tho' tempest may blow, still, unmindful of care,
So the fiddles but strike up a bar,
Why we sing and we dance, toast our sweethearts, and
swear,
All on board of a man of war.

Should the foe bear in fight and all hands call'd on
deck,
Don't think jolly sailors are cow'd,
No—we'll teach them the old British flag to respect,
And bid them defiance aloud:
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
What then—do we whine at a scar?
No—we sing and we fight till we take her in tow,
All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing and that which the lubbers on shore
Would fain make our lassies believe,
Why, d'ye see, its palaver, my girl, nothing more,
So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve:

No

No danger can ever our courage affright,
 Or shake the true love of a tar,
 And wherever steering we still feel delight
 All on board of a man of war.

S O N G.

IT WAS ONE EVE IN SUMMER WEATHER.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

IT was one eve, in summer weather,
 Near to a cliff, upon the sand,
 Young Ned and Kate both stray'd together,
 For love had link'd them hand in hand;
 The boatswain hail'd all hands on board,
 Ned ne'er repin'd at war or fate,
 He answer'd to the boatswain's word,
 Tho' torn away from lovely Kate:
 For young Ned was true at heart,
 And scorn'd to rail at war or fate,
 Resolv'd to act a Briton's part,
 But sigh'd to leave his lovely Kate.

A Frenchman's pennant was seen flying,
 Far in the offing, clear to sight,
 Poor Kitty's eyes o'erflow'd with crying,
 She knew her Ned was call'd to fight:

Avast,

Avast, says he, and cease your whining;
 We sailors have no time to prate,
 Should I stand here on shore repining,
 I were unworthy lovely Kate.
 For young Ned, &c.

May I be keel-haul'd if they find me,
 Like to a coward, run a-back;
 Rather than leave that name behind me,
 I'd fight and die upon the wreck:
 But when the glorious action's over,
 Then should my life be spar'd by fate.
 You'll find your Ned no changing lover,
 But faithful to his lovely Kate.
 For young Ned, &c.

S O N G.

RIPE CHERRIES

Sung by Master Walk.

COME buy my ripe cherries, fair maidens, come
 buy,
 I sell them so cheap sure you cannot deny;
 Not for silver or gold with a cherry I'll part,
 To the smile of good humour I'll yield up my heart,
 The true bleeding heart—come buy my ripe cherries,
 The true bleeding heart—come buy my ripe cherries,
 Come buy my ripe cherries, the true bleeding heart:
 Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, cherry ripe, cherry ripe,
 Come buy my ripe cherries, the true bleeding heart.

Not

Not beauty alone I think worthy my prize,
 Nor the pout of the lips or the glance of the eyes,
 To the froward, tho' fair, not with one will I part;
 To the smile of good humour I'll yield up my heart:
 The true bleedin' heart, &c.

My cherries I sell for the smiles of the fair,
 Give a poor little boy, O give him a share?
 For your kindness, dear ladies, a truth I'll impart,
 'Tis the smiles of good humour that wins ev'ry heart.
 The true bleeding heart, &c.

S O N G.

THE CROPS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

YE nymphs and swains,
 Attend my strains,
Good humour prompts the lay;
 A lively song,
 And cheertul throng,
Will chase dull care away:
 The times have been hard I allow,
 But fate smiles propitiously now;
And fashion itself denotes plenty;
 See all around
 What crops abound,
 For one of last year we have twenty:

Finis

Fine crops,
 Rich tops,
 Huzza, huzza, huzza,
 What need we fear, what need we fear,
 This is the harvest of leap year.

The ladies too,
 As patriots true,
 Flock round the green-cloth board,
 And sitting late
 To help the state,
 Deal out their spoufy's hoard:
 With arms and with elbows square,
 No pains no exposure they spare,
 Content to be chain'd round the middle,
 With gilded head,
 Like gingerbread,
 All follow the card and the fiddle:
 Great haste
 No waste, &c.

If aid like this
 Thro' Ma'am and Miss
 From recreation springs,
 If bucks and fops,
 Produce such crops,
 We ne'er can want good things;
 But should glittering belles shine in vain,
 And cruel informers complain,
 To stop the fair bank circulation,
 Our dogs will help
 Tax ev'ry whelp,
 And puppies may prop up the nation:
 Bow wow,
 That's how, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

ROSY wine is the key that will open the heart,
And the breast will be true, will be true that it
mellows;

When drunk we despise all base falshood and art,
For in liquor, in liquor, we're all honest fellows:
Then quickly pass the glingling glafs,
Ding dong, ding dong, 'till we are all mellow;
Let every man do all he can,
To be an honest fellow.

The lawyer so grave for his client will plead,
And with unblushing front against equity bellows,
The key once apply'd, owns he doubly was feed;
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

The lover who vows for his fair-one he dies,
When wine, rosy wine, his bosom once mellows,
Will own that her gold is more bright than her eyes—
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

Then if liquor can banish all art and deceit,
And the heart will be true that it mellows;
Let us tofs off large bumpers whenever we meet,
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

S O N G.*

AH! WELL-A-DAY POOR ANNA.

Sung by Master Walsh.

FAIR Anna lov'd a rustic boy,
 And William was the shepherd's name;
 In him was center'd all her joy,
 For her he glow'd with equal flame:
 His cruel father knew he lov'd,
 And forc'd him o'er the seas away;
 Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd,
 And thus sung out—ah! well-a-day:
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
 Sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, but
 do not break,
 Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not
 speak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
 His gold the fordid mother won;
 The gentle Anna thus betray'd,
 Was forc'd to church and was undone:
 Returning back she met her love,
 'Ah! William, dear!' she fondly cry'd,
 'May you a happier fortune prove!'

She press'd his hand—she sigh'd, and dy'd.
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
 Gentle hearts, gentle hearts, gentle hearts too soon will
 break,
 Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not
 speak.

SONG.

S O N G.*

HAL, THE WOODMAN.

STAY, trav'ller, tarry here to night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon has too withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,
And should you chance to go astray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And 'till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robinhood and chevy chace
We'll sing—then to our palates hie.

S O N G.

SOFT IS THE ZEPHYR.

SOFT is the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy is the breath of spring,
When o'er the silent dewy vale
Its variegated sweets exhale;
Stolen from the freshen'd flow'r,
Glist'ning with an ev'ning show'r;
From the violet's nectar'd dew,
And the rose of purple hue.

S O N G.*

HEY DOWN DERRY.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd rare objects to discover;
Seen pretty women in such legions,
I thought myself return'd to Dover:
 Brisk music made me gay,
 And lively all the way,
For no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him that loves the hey down derry.

The Spanish belle I've serenaded,
And many a night with the sweet guitar,
Beneath the lattice grate paraded,
Now tinkle tinkle, then garga lara:

'Twas

'Twas music made me gay,
 And lively all the way;
 For no tune's dull that once was merry,
 To him that love's the hey down derry.

The fair of Italy to capture,
 A different style the men invent-o;
 To her the canzonet gives rapture,
 Nel cor piu non mi sento:
 Such music has its day,
 But is not in my way;
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 With him who loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Russia chatter,
 And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;
 Their cymbals founded clitter clatter,
 And they tript in the sprightly measure:
 Such music has its day,
 But is not in my way;
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 To him that loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Russia chatter,
 Hey! only eye him, what a wonder!
 Their cimbals founded clitter clatter,
 And the big drum rumbled thunder:
 Such music has its day,
 But is not in my way;
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 To him that loves the hey down derry.

S O N G.*

EDWARD AND KITTY.

NED oft' had brav'd the field of battle,
 Had oft' endur'd the hardest woe;
 Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
 And oft' been captur'd by the foe:
 His heart was kind, to fear a stranger,
 The name of Briton was his pride,
 He nobly scorn'd to shrink from danger,
 And on a bed of honor dy'd:
 For, says Ned, whate'er befalls,
 A Briton scorns to flinch and whine,
 He'll cheerful go where duty calls,
 And brave all ills but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd sincere his charming Kitty,
 She t w with tears her soldier go;
 She pray'd kind heav'n t lend her pity,
 And shield her Edward from the foe:
 My love, he c y'd, thy grief give over,
 These tears disgrace a soldier's bride;
 But hapless Kitty lost her lover,
 Who on a bed of honor died.
 For, says Ned, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.*

Sung in the Spanish Rivals.

STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE

STILL the lark finds repose,
In the high waving corn;
And the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn:
Never robb'd of their ease,
They are artless and free;
But no more gentle peace
Shall e'er harbour with me:
Still in search of delight,
Ev'ry pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the flights of fond love.

S O N G.

THE SAME WHEN AT SEA.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously
sail'd,
While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and Country, to give my old friend never fail'd,
And the toast was soon toss'd off by me:
Billows might dash,
Lightnings might flash,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

He too pow'rful see in our track did but pass,
 We resolv'd both to live and die free;
 Quick we number'd her guns and for each took a glass,
 Then a broadside we gave her with three:
 Cannon might roar,
 Echo'd from shore,
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

S O N G.

PRETTY WOMEN AND WINE.

TO win and to wear a sweet creature,
 Is always Sir Leinster's delight;
 The first thing he dreams in the morning,
 The last that awakes him at night:
 He's tight when he slips from his pillow,
 As a ship that is just out of dock;
 Though at dusk with a skin full of claret,
 He's apt to run foul of a rock:
 Sing smaghlér oo smack smhilat smother,
 How funny this taste is of mine!
 Oh! I learnt it from father and mother,
 To love pretty women and wine.

SONG.

S O N G.

EDWIN AND ELLA.

SEE, beneath yon bow'r of roses,
 Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid,
 'Tis my gentle love reposes,
 Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the love that plays around her,
 Mark my Ella's graceful mien;
 See the wood nymph all around her,
 Hailing Ella, beauty's queen.

Flatt'ring Cupids round descending,
 Soft expand their silken wings;
 From the zephyr's breath defending,
 Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.

Sportive fancy hear my prayer,
 Gently from thy airy throne,
 Whisper to the sleeping fair,
 Edwin lives for her alone.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall.

BEHOLD, denied their airy flight,
 The tenants of the gaudy cage:
 No more their warblings breathe delight,
 Their notes are chang'd to strains of rage:

C 5

And

And should perchance, in happy hour,
 Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
 Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
 And gladly part to meet no more.

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate,
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate :
 And if some ruder breeze should blow,
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest,
 Fondly they share each other's woe,
 As destined partners of one nest.

S O N G.

TWIN roses you've archly contriv'd,
 To display all your charms on your face ;
 For fragrance you knew was deriv'd,
 From the bosom you're destin'd to grace.

Here is love-lies-a-bleeding behind,
 But of heart's-ease no bud did I view ;
 In my search not a sprig could I find,
 Or else I had cull'd it for you.

Rude clime — 'twas in vain to explore,
 For a boquet of nature in thee,
 Where Flora, alas ! is no more,
 Than a poor humble stranger like me.

SONG.

S O N G.*

SWEET ELLEN, SORROW'S CHILD.

COLD blew the wind, no gleam of light,
 When Ellen left her home,
 And brav'd the horrors of the night,
 O'er dreary wilds to roam:
 The lovely maid had late been gay,
 When hope and pleasure smil'd,
 But now, alas! to grief a prey
 Was Ellen, sorrow's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,
 But, ah! how sad a doom,
 The gentle youth in beauty's pride,
 Was summon'd to the tomb:
 No more those joys shall Ellen prove,
 Which many an hour beguil'd,
 From morn to eve she mourns her love,
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

With falt'ring step away she hies,
 O'er William's grave to weep,
 For Ellen there, with tears and sighs,
 Her watch would often keep:
 The pitying angel saw her woe,
 And came, with aspect mild,
 Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

C 6

Thy

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
 Where thou shalt soon find rest;
 Again thou shalt behold thy love,
 And be for ever blest:
 Ah! can such bliss be mine, she cry'd,
 With voice and looks so wild,
 Then sunk upon the earth and dy'd —
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

S O N G.

THE FADED BOQUET.

A H, rose, forgive the hand severe,
 That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed,
 Where, bow'd with many a pearly tear,
 Thy widow'd partner droops its head;
 And thou, sweet violet, modest flow'r,
 O take my sad relenting sigh,
 Nor stain the breast whose glowing pow'r
 With too much fondness bid thee die.

Sweet lily, had I never gaz'd
 With rapture on your gentle form;
 You might have dy'd, unknown, unprais'd,
 The victim of some ruthless storm:
 Where fickle love his altar rears,
 Your little bells had learn'd to wave,
 Or, sadly gem'd with kindred tears,
 Had deck'd some hapless maiden's grave.

Inconstant woodbine, wherefore rove,
 With madd'ning stem about thy bow'r?
 Why, with my darkling myrtle wave,
 In bold defiance mock my pow'r?
 Why quit thy native garden fair,
 To haunt thy buds, thy odours fling,
 And idly greet the passing air,
 On ev'ry wanton zephyr's wing?

Yet, yet repine not, tho' stern fate
 Hath nip'd thy leaves of varying hue;
 Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
 Shall sick'ning fade, and die like you:
 The fire of youth, the frost of age,
 Nor wisdom's voice nor beauty's bloom,
 Th' insatiate tyrant can assuage,
 Or stop the hand that seal'd your doom.

S O N G.

SENSIBILITY'S DOWER.

FROM the light-down that mocks the gale,
 The linnet culls his store;
 From each wild flow'r that scents the vale,
 The bee a balm explores:

With nature's truest sense endu'd,
 And conscious of alloy,
 In ev'ry gift they find a good,
 And ev'ry good enjoy.

Feeling's

Feeling's vain child, alone assign'd
To doubtful wav'ring pow'r,
With sighs can chill the summer's wind,
With tears can blight the flow'r.

Its only dang'rous gift, ah! why
Did heav'n to man impart?
And bid each treach'rous sense supply
A venom for his heart.

S O N G.

A DANCE ROUND THE MAYPOLE.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

A DANCE round the may-pole my bosom delights,
When the merry merry notes of the minstrel
call;
When the season is gay and the ev'ning invites,
O the joys, the delights that my bosom enthrall:
Then high-born maids look down with scorn,
I envy not your giddy round,
While jewels bright your heads adorn,
Content within our hearts is found.

SONG.

S O N G.

HOW GAILY ROLL'D THE MOMENTS ON.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

HOW gaily roll'd the moments on,
When Sandy woo'd me ilka day,
But a' that fleeting joy is gone,
Since war hath press'd him far away:
In vain the shepherds pipe and sing,
The blooming maidens dance in vain,
Till peaceful time shall Sandy bring,
To mingle in the happy train:
Tho' blithsome are the rural swains,
Who grace the flowery banks of Tay,
Yet none of them, with a' their pains,
Seem half so bonny, blithe and gay.

When dress'd in plaid of tartan bra'
With garter's dic'd beneath his knee,
So smart a lad you never saw,
And O how neat he look'd to me!
Whene'er he drove his sheep and kye,
To sell them at the tryste or fair,
Kind Sandy never fail'd to buy,
A roll of ribbons for my hair:
But now, his flocks of late so glad,
His lambs that wont to skip and play,
Methinks are unco' dull and sad,
Since war hath press'd him far away.

Ye

Ye fair, decreed in state to shine,
 Your wealth and pomp I envy not ;
 Be lairds your choice, but Sandy's mine,
 With him to share a lowly cot ;
 My bosom no ambition knows,
 That vestal maids may not impart ;
 It from as pure a passion flows,
 As ever warm'd a lover's heart :
 Oft' musing near yon verdant birk,
 I long to see the happy day,
 When he shall lead me to the kirk,
 And ne'er again gang far away.

S O N G.

LOVE, THOU STRANGE CAPRICIOUS BOY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

LOVE, thou strange capricious boy,
 Source of sorrow, source of joy,
 Tell me why delight is flown,
 From a bosom all your own :
 From this earth, which own thy sway,
 Bid keen sorrow far away ;
 Hope again and joy replace,
 Love to fill thy dwelling-place.

Grief o'erwhelms my constant breast,
 Sorrow fills the seat of love,
 Cupid give this bosom rest,
 Killing doubts and fears remove :
 From this heart, &c.

If my fair-one by a smile,
 Sorrow of its sting beguile;
 Why then love so froward be,
 Since a frown is death to me:
 From this heart, &c.

S O N G.

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Sung by Miss Milne.

YOUNG Donald is the blithest lad,
 That e'er made love to me,
 Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,
 He seems so gay and free;
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,
 It cheers my soul at eve to meet,
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
 Young Sandy follows me,
 And fain he wants to be my love,
 But ah! it canna be;
 Tho' mother frets both soon and late,
 For me to wed this youth I hate,
 There's none need hope to gain yeung Kate,
 But Donald of Dundee.

When

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
 The ring he shew'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 Then happy would he be:
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Na mair my mother will I mind,
 Mefs John to me shall quickly bind,
 Young Donald of Dundee.

S O N G.

SO DEARLY I LOVE JOHNNY O.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

YOUNG Sandy once a wooing came,
 And fondly try'd to gain my heart,
 He sigh'd wh ne'er he own'd his flame,
 But soon I guess'd his wily art:
 Tho' ilka lad, in tartan plaid,
 Should ca' me blith and bonny O,
 O they'd try in vain my heart to gain,
 So dearly I love Johnny O.

Tho' Johnny canna' boast of wealth,
 Contentment crowns his lowly fate.
 His rosy cheeks denote sweet health,
 And goodness makes the laddie great:
 In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen
 A youth so blith and bonny O,
 His flatt'ring tale can a' prevail,
 So dearly I love Johnny O.

The

The other morn upon the bent,
 I met my lad so brisk and gay,
 He vow'd, unless I'd give consent,
 He'd o'er the hills and far away:
 As home we stray'd, his pipes he play'd,
 And sang so sweet and bonny O,
 I made a vow to buckle too,
 So dearly I love Johnny O.

S O N G.

LUBIN OF THE HILL.

Sung by Miss Milne.

WHERE Lowest off waves its yellow corn,
 Y ung Lubin does reside,
 Of humble state and lowly born,
 Devoid of fame or pride:
 The shepherds bison free from guile
 Knows nought of art or ill,
 Yet who can love and sweetly smile,
 Like Lubin of the Hill.

Tho' riches scorn to deck his cot,
 Content around him dwells;
 And tho' but few the sheep he's got,
 His fleece all flocks excells:
 Rear'd by his care they frisk and play,
 And rove about at will,
 Like when I gave my heart away
 To Lubin of the Hill.

But

But Hymen soon shall join our hands,
 Young Lubin has confess'd,
 And sure when love cements the bands,
 We must be truly blest:
 My hand and heart has long been thine,
 And shall, my shepherd, still,
 For who that's marry'd can repine,
 With Lubin of the Hill.

S O N G.

FOR WE SHALL BOTH GROW OLDER.

Sung by Master Welsh.

THEY tell me I'm too young to wed,
 But sure 'tis all a fancy;
 A smiling girl runs in my head,
 'Tis pretty little Nancy:
 My mother says it must not be,
 Tho' this I've often told her
 That Nancy is as young as me,
 And we shall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,
 Her smile just hit my fancy;
 No girl so mild, so soft, so fair,
 As pretty little Nancy:
 Then why not wed as well as love,
 And so I've often told her,
 If now too young, we shall improve,
 For we shall both grow older.

When

When year on year rolls o'er her head,
 She still will please my fancy,
 As when to church I fondly led,
 My pretty little Nancy :
 Then let us wed as love invites,
 For this I've often told her,
 'Tis love alone can give delight,
 When we are both grown older.

S O N G.

THE TRUE HONEST HEART.

Sung by Mr. Taylor.

IN this chaos of new-fangled modes that we live,
 My sentiments boldly and bravely I'll give,
 I'll do unto mortals of ev'ry degree,
 As I wish unto others their conduct should be ;
 The best of all maxims, I think, for my part,
 Is my grandmother's mode—a true honest heart.

My neighbour I love as myself, I protest,
 If the same sort of friendship I find in his breast ;
 I rev'rence the laws and our sov'reign respect,
 He ne'er aims to subvert what he's bound to protect ;
 May heaven protect him, and fight on his part,
 For I firmly believe he's a true honest heart.

New

Now fill up your glasses, let each quit his seat,
 Let your brows be uncovered, stand firm on your feet,
 Take your glasses in hand, place them right to your lip,
 On pain of a bumper, let none dare to sip,
 My sentiments known then you all may depart—
 May distress never find out the true honest heart.

S O N G.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

O Listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove,
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
 The tuneful birds invite to rove,
 To foster joys let splendor yield,
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,
 My Daphne let us fondly stray,
 Where whist'ring love breaths forth his tale,
 And shepherds sing their artless lay;
 O listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,
 And echo still repeats their joys:
 Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

S O N G.

HOW OFT' WHEN COOLING ZEPHYRS PLAY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

HOW oft' when cooling zephyrs play,
On Loddon's fertile side,
I with my love have pass'd the day,
He ask'd me for his bride:
O, the tongue, the babbling tongue,
That did my heart betray—
He press'd, I blush'd, he wept, I sigh'd,
And look'd my heart away.

But men our easy love disdain,
And real blessings miss,
No longer pleas'd but while we feign,
To check the offer'd kiss:
O, the pang, the killing pang,
When slighted maids complain;
Should Edmund spurn his Jane and bliss,
'Twould rend my heart in twain.

SONG.

S O N G.

KATE OF DOVER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,
 Was tender hearted, bold, and true,
 He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
 With e'er a seaman in the crew:
 Tho' Ned had sac'd his country's fee,
 And twice had fail'd the world all over,
 Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,
 Yet would he figh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn when on the shore,
 Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;
 Says he, my love, your grief give over,
 For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive:
 Let fortune smile, or let her frown,
 To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
 All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,
 And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
 To brave all dangers on the main,
 When lo! a sail appear'd in view,
 And Ned with many a tar was slain:
 Thus death, who lays each hero low,
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover;
 The tars oft' tell the tale of woe,
 And heave a figh for Kate of Dover.

SONG.

S O N G.†

THE YOUNG IRISH CAPTAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

THREE lovers I boast that are handsome and smart
 And each in his turn has laid siege to my heart;
 But when I give up to so bold a request,
 It must be to him that my fancy likes best:
 Now one is a fop that doats on himself,
 And the other, tho' pleasing, is fond of his pelf,
 But he that's most loving, courageous, and free,
 Is the young Irish Captain, the husband for me.
 With a rub a dub, row de dow, rub a dub,
 Row de dow, O the dear creature.

My mother now, mind, intercedes for the fop,
 And my father for money at nothing will stop;
 So one is for this, and the other for that,
 But neither my foldier will deign to look at:
 And this is the reason—his fortune is small,
 Or indeed, to speak plainer, he has none at all;
 But so sweetly he pleads, and so loving is he,
 That the young Irish Captain's the husband for me.
 With his rub a dub, &c.

When he whisper'd, dear lad, t'other day in my ear,
 Let us haste to the church and get married my dear,
 O, he look'd in my face, and he so press'd my hand,
 That I could not his tender entreaties withstand:

D

For

For the bold son of Mars so well acted his part,
 That he forc'd me, I own, to surrender my heart,
 So now where he marches I'm likely to be,
 For the young Irish Captain's the husband for me.
 With his rub a dub, &c.

S O N G.*

THE WANDERING LAMB.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

AN anxious mother search'd in vain,
 To find her darling infant lamb,
 Which playful stray'd from off the plain,
 So lost its way, so lost its dam:
The bleating mother's rending cries,
 Soon reach'd the passing trav'ler's ear,
 Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,
 Affection dropt sweet nature's tear.

Hard cruel fate! most sad to tell,
 The snow fell fast, the cold severe,
When; near a dismal dreary dell,
 The little wand'rer perish'd there!
There on a bank of feather'd snow,
 The hapless victim sunk to rest;
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,
 And fill'd with care the mother's breast.

SONG.

S O N G.‡

● DEARLY I LOVE SOMEBODY.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

OF all the swains both far and near,
 Or e'er my eyes did see,
 I love but one sincerely dear,
 And truly he loves me;
 The youth is ever where I am,
 And does so sweetly woo,
 O dearly I love somebody, love somebody, love some-
 body,
 I do indeed love somebody,
 But cannot, but cannot, but cannot won't tell who.

If e'er some story I devise,
 To talk of love a bit,
 My father gently chiding cries,
 'Tis time enough as yet:
 But my dear lad does not say so,
 So kind is he and true;
 O dearly I love somebody, &c.

The ring is bought, and, better still,
 (Its true upon my life)
 The priest will make us, O he will,
 Next Sunday, man and wife;
 'Tis then I shall be made a bride,
 In truth I wish it too,
 For dearly I love somebody, &c.

S O N G.*

TANTIVY, MY BOYS, TANTIVY.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

YE dull sleeping mortals of ev'ry degree,
 Awake at the sound of my song;
 Ye sluggards arise and to hunting with me,
 Tantivy I'll lead you along,
 O'er mountains and vallies, o'er woodlands and dales,
 And forests impervious to fight,
 I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,
 I'll lead you brave boys to delight,
 Tantivy, brave boys, &c.

Hygea I'm call'd by the fages of old,
 The goddess presiding o'er health;
 Then venture, like heroes, with me, and be bold,
 Tantivy, you'll add to your wealth:
 For riches, believe me's, a bubble at best,
 If health should forget to attend;
 Then haste, my brave boys, in pursuit of the guest,
 And she will your wishes befriend.
 Tantivy, my boys, &c.

In courts or in cities its not to be found,
 Where folly has fix'd her retreat,
 But hasten with me o'er the green mantled ground,
 Tantivy, tantivy, repeat:
 The ruddy complexion that crimsons the face,
 The elegant glow on the cheek,
 Far sweeter than riches are found by the chace,
 And these are the pleasures we seek.
 Tantivy, my boys, &c.

SONG.

S O N G. ‡

WE SHALL BE MARRIED TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

YOUNG Will. of the green is the lad to my mind,
 For tho' he is apt to be teasing,
 Not a swain in the village, tho' gentle and kind,
 Talks of love in a manner so pleasing:
 Last night as I rov'd on the banks of the Dee,
 To be sure my fond lover must follow—
 He forc'd a fond kiss, and a promise from me,
 That we should be married to-morrow.

I fain would have answer'd indeed its too soon,
 But the lad was so fond and endearing,
 I could not refuse him so simple a boon,
 When all that he crav'd was a hearing:
 My hand he so press'd, that I could not say no,
 Or give the fond youth any sorrow,
 I heard him with patience determine it so,
 And we shall be married to-morrow.

In the morning the bells will merrily ring,
 My heart with the thought is delighted,
 Nor e'er will I envy a queen or a king,
 When I and my love are united:
 Our lives shall be spent without murmur or ill,
 Nor e'er know of trouble or sorrow,
 And then he shall kiss me as oft' as he will,
 For we shall be married to-morrow.

S O N G.‡

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

Sung by Mr. Taylor.

FILL, fill the glass, to beauty charge,
 And banish care from every breast;
 In brisk champagne we'll quick discharge
 A toast shall give the wine a zest;
 With rapturous love the soul delight,
 And make e'en misery smile,
 The nation's ornament most bright,
 The Fair of Britain's Isle.

The boasted beauties they surpass,
 Of France, of Italy, of Spain; —
 More nobly rank'd in virtue's class,
 The world's applause they justly gain:
 Circassia's dames no more shall boast,
 Their once all-conqu'ring smile,
 Thro' kingdoms this the future toast —
 The Fair of Britain's Isle.

Then join with me ye gen'rous youth,
 Whose breasts with noble passion burn,
 Plead with sincerity and truth,
 Nor doubt you'll meet a just return:
 Do you deserve, and they'll reward,
 With fascinating smile:
 Then love and honor ever guard,
 The fair of Britain's Isle.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE THRIFTY WIFE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,
 And in this age of folly pursue a saving plan;
 Tho' wives are thought expensive, yet who can live
 alone?

Then since they are dear creatures, 'tis best to have
 but one;

My choice discovers clearly my prudence and my taste
 I've a very little wife, with a very little waist.

Marriage is a draught we take for better or for worse,
 And wife is he who can prevent the drafts upon his
 purse;

But evils are much lessen'd, when wives are well in-
 clin'd,

For tho' they come across us, they shape them to our
 mind;

If matters are well manag'd, no need to be straight
 lac'd,

You may with little danger increase the little waist.

Tho' spousy's so discreet still each fashion she'll display,
 And her bosom, heaven blest her, is as open as the day;
 Her garment (may I venture a simile to beg)
 Hangs loosely from her shoulder, like a gown upon a
 peg,

Yet, fearful of expences, she shortens it, tho' small,
 And if she goes on shortening there'll be no waist at all.

S O N G.

IN DEFENCE OF HER SEX.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

IN defence of her sex sure a woman may speak,
 Pray what is it now that you men would be at?
 Do you think that we mind each occasion you seek,
 To laugh at our dress, little waists, and all that?
 No, don't Sirs believe it, such nonsense must fall,
 Convinc'd, when we look but a moment about us,
 That whether we're all waist, or no waist at all,
 You can't, for the life of you men, do without us.

'Tis silly to sport with our fancies and dress,
 As we can subdue you whenever we please;
 For since we've the power, you all must confess,
 To make you ask pardon for that on your knees:
 Then prithee, dear Sirs, leave our short waist a lone,
 'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it don't
 doubt us;
 So give o'er your jesting, and candidly own,
 You can't for the life of you men do without us.

That women have tongues I believe you well know,
 But pray do not force us to put them in use,
 For sure, if you give them but freedom to go,
 You'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse:
 Besides, look at home—on the dress of yourselves,
 With your Spencers and Pantaloon's flocking about
 us:

But I tell you again, O ye confident elves,
 You can't, for the soul of you men do without us.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
 As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
 May boast that 'tis blest like a patriarch's tent,
 With all the kind gods can bestow :
 'Tis a station that yields me a spring of delight,
 Which lordlings may envy to see ;
 And a King might behold it, and say, does this wight
 A blessing possess more than me.

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
 Where on mammon and pride I look down ;
 While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of the mill
 I prefer to the clack of the town :
 Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my queen,
 And she rules while she seeks to obey ;
 Thus the autumn of life like the spring-tide serene,
 Makes November as cheerful as May.

I live down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
 Health, sprits, and vigour to share.
 For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the lark,
 Which the deeds of the day planted there :
 And tho' bigots each night, to end heav'n's wrath,
 To their saints and their wooden gods pray ;
 Superstition I court not for daggers of lath,
 In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
 Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,
 As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
 Who has no social impulse of mind :
 For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,
 And more welcome that friend if he's poor ;
 Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
 Tho' a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
 To save a poor horn of small beer ;
 Nor buttery, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
 Shall proclaim that old gripe-all starves here :
 For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay :
 But domestic attachment my house shall defend,
 From free-booters by night and by day.

S O N G.*

THE HUNTSMAN'S RHAPSODY.

Sung by Mr. Gray.

OF horses and hounds who scud swift o'er the plain,
 Praise has oft' wing'd its notes to the sky ;
 While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
 And join'd in the huntsman's full cry :
 My voice I'll attune, then the chase grace my song,
 For nought can compare to its joys ;
 O'er mountain, thro' valley we spunk it along,
 Tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys.

'Tis

'Tis exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest;
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,
 When return'd, plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice, &c.

Our hounds truly train'd, are of excellent breed,
 Brother sportsmen I'm your's while I've breath;
 Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice, &c.

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of old,
 Be permitted to view our domain,
 Our horses, our hounds, and our huntsmen so bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.
 My voice, &c.

S O N G.*

THE HEIRESS STOLE AWAY.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

WHO hunt after fortune attend,
 And you who make beauty your game;
 To me your attention pray lend,
 I'm a heiress of fortune and fame:
 'An heiress! hark forward!' they cry,
 Pursu'd by the young and the old;
 Over hedges and ditches they fly,
 To come within view of the gold:

D 6

While

While I, like the poor timid hare,
 When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
 Start, double, and run without care,
 'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away!'

An Irish young hunter gave chase,
 O dear—but he'd make me his wife;
 Or 'twould be, when dead, my sad case,
 To lead little apes all my life:
 'Ah heirefs! hark forward!' his cry,
 No danger his love should dismay,
 After breaking his neck, he would try
 To hunt me to death his own way:
 While I, like the poor timid hare,
 When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
 Start, double, and run without care,
 'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away.'

But I've a young man in my eye,
 Not you, Sir, no, no, Sir, nor you;
 On him I may safely rely,
 He keeps me at all times in view:
 'An heirefs! hark forward!' they cry
 Yet that had not power to charm;
 'Twas love, I'll not strive to deny,
 A love that was gen'rous and warm:
 I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,
 When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
 Start, double, and run without fear,
 'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away.'

S O N G.*

ANNA'S LULLABY.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

ON a bank of sweetest flowers,
Where the rose and lily vie,
There the maid beguil'd sad hours,
Anna there sung lullaby ;
Anna there sung lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby,
Anna there sung lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.

Her soul's treasure from her parted,
Gone to conquer or to die,
She exclaims, quite broken hearted,
'Cannons roar his lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

'May the hand of heaven defend him,
'Turn the balls that round him fly,
'To his Anna's arms safe send him,
'There in peace sing lullaby.'
Lullaby, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

COME, all hands ahoy, to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her—
She'll soon take another in tow:
This breeze like the old one will kick us
About on the boisterous main,
And one day, if death does not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again:

C H O R U S.

With a will-ho, then, pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
We're in for it, then what folly, boys.
For to be down-hearted, yo-ho.

Our Boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More especially when he gets drunk;
The bob-stays supply him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The studding-sail serves for a hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks, in a mammoc,
He sold, to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the Purser, this here is the maxim,
 Slops, grog, and provisions, he facks;
 How he'd look, if you was but to ax him,
 With the Captain's-clerk who 'tis goes snacks?
 Oh! he'd find it another-gufs story,
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,
 If His Majesty's honor and glory
 Was only just told about that.
 With a will-ho, &c.

The Chaplain's both holy and godly
 And sets up for heaven agog;
 Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
 When he's swearing and drinking of grog:
 When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
 And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
 Cry'd I, 'which is the way to heav'n now, Sir?'
 'Why, you dog,' cry'd the Chaplain, 'her arms!'
 With a will-ho, &c.

The Gunner's the devil of a lubber,
 The Carfindo can't fish a mast;
 The Surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
 The Master can't steer if he's ast:
 The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
 The Mates hardly merit their flip;
 Nor is there a swab, but the Captain,
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship:
 With a will-ho, &c.

Now 'fore and aft having abus'd them,
 Just but for my fancy and gig,
 Could I find any one that ill-us'd them,
 D - me but I'd tickle his wig:

Jack

- Jack never was known for a railer,
 'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
 And the sign of a true-hearted sailor,
 Is to give and to take a good joke.
 With a will-ho, &c.

S O N G.*

HARK, HARK, ELIZA'S TUNEFUL VOICE.

Sung by Master Phelps.

HARK, hark, Eliza's tuneful voice
 Gives harmony to love's soft song;
 Hush ev'ry rude and vulgar noise,
 Ye zephyrs softly breathe along.

See love herself stands list'ning by,
 While Cupids hover round,
 Let not the tender heaving sigh,
 Disturb the magic sound.

'Tis heav'n to hear Eliza's voice,
 When love inspires the song,
 But ah! how must that swain rejoice
 Whose name her notes prolong.

SONG.

S O N G.*

SWEET JANE OF GRISIPOLY.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

O HAD I Allen Ramfay's art,
 To sing my passion tender,
 In ev'ry line she'd read my heart,
 Such soothing strains I'd send her:
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
 To shew, is all a folly,
 How much I love the charming maid,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire,
 With such bewitching glances,
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances:
 Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly,
 For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an am'rous ninny,
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny:
 Last Sunday when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and and lowly,
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely:
 From ev'ry fordid selfish view.
 So free my heart is wholly,
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grifipoly.

S O N G.*

THE RAPTURE.

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly press'd,
 Eliza how great was my bliss!
 The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast,
 I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your sight,
 I scarce can my transports restrain:
 I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight,
 And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms,
 Still stealing from favor to favor;
 Now, now, O ye gods, let me fly to her arms,
 And kiss you for ever and ever.

SONG.

S O N G.*

GENTLE LOVE.

GENTLE love this hour befriend me,
To my eyes resign thy dart;
Notes of melting music lend me,
To dissolve a frozen heart:
Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
Tho' I tender language use;
'Tis by cold indifference frozen
To my arms and to my muse.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a broken heart appears;
For thy pity interceding,
With the eloquence of tears:
While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldness dies,
Death my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my soul into thine eyes.

S O N G.*

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

HOW mistaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliss;
And fondly thinks we love discover,
If perchance we answer, yes:

Prompted

Prompted often by discretion,
 Is the seeming kind expression,
 When the tongue the heart belying,
 Dares not venture on denying,
 But in spite of discontent,
 Gives the semblage of consent.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,
 Tho' the falt'ring tongue comply,
 What avails the cold confession,
 If th' averted eyes deny?
 Happier far th' experienc'd swain,
 Knows he triumphs must attain,
 When in vain successful trial,
 Language gives the faint denial;
 While the eyes betray the fiction,
 In delightful contradiction,
 And the cheeks with blushes glow,
 And the tongue still falters no.

S O N G.*

TIS IN VAIN FOR SUCCOUR CALLING.

'TIS in vain for succour calling,
 Hope no more my bosom cheers;
 Cruel fate that bliss appalling,
 With her scrol of joyless years:
 Come, despair and distraction, confound me,
 Add still to my life's wretched load;
 And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
 This desert of wildness shall be my abode.

SONG.

S O N G.*

HIS FORM BY NATURE'S HAND WAS CAST.

HIS form by nature's hand was cast,
 In beauty's manly mould;
 His heart a costly jewel was,
 Cas'd in a shrine of gold;
 The gods in heav'nly synod met,
 And each a blessing gave,
 Wife, valiant, virtuous he became,
 But, ah! he was a slave.

He serv'd as slave yet never serv'd,
 A proud unworthy dame;
 He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
 But fed a hopeless flame:
 For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
 And stubborn was her pride,
 One day she drove him from her sight,
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

And never shall his mournful tale
 Soft pity fail to move;
 Nor was there one who saw the youth,
 That ever fail'd in love:
 And was it then that fortune's blind,
 Or was it fortune's spite,
 O take away her pow'r, ye gods,
 Or give her back her sight.

SONG.

S O N G.*

FAIRER THAN FAIR EDEN'S BOW'R.

FAIRER than fair Eden's bow'r,
Friendship, goddess heav'nly bright,
Dropping in a balmy show'r,
Breathing concord and delight:
When we feel thy sacred fire
Glow with ardour in our heart,
The flame inspires us with desire,
To relieve each other's smart.

S O N G.*

LOVE.

LOVE's a sweet, a gen'rous passion,
That can ev'ry vice controul;
Round the globe in ev'ry nation,
Love does humanize the soul:
Love can soften savage nature,
And fine sentiment impart:
Love can brighten up each feature,
And with rapture fill the heart.

Love to social friendship fires us,
Greatest good this side the grave,
Love to noble deeds inspires us,
Love can make e'en cowards brave:

See

See two hearts by love united,
 Greater joys can ne'er be found;
 With each other they're delighted,
 And with bliss supreme they're crown'd.

S O N G.†

THE SILVER RAIN.

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,
 The gale that sweeps along the mead,
 The soften'd rocks once sorrow knew,
 And marbles have found tears to shed;
 The sighing trees in ev'ry grove,
 Have pity, if they have not love.

Shall things inanimate be kind,
 And every soft sensation know;
 The weeping rain, the sighing wind,
 All, all but you some mercy shew:
 Let pity, then, your bosom move,
 Have pity tho' you have not love.

S O N G.*

WHEN THOU ART ABSENT, CHARMING MAID.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

WHEN thou art absent, charming maid,
In vain the sky larks sing ;
Or woodbines weave the vernal shade,
Or Flora paints the spring:
But when you range the daisy'd field,
Or in the garden rove,
Increas'd perfume the blossoms yield,
And seem to court your love.

Sharp are the pangs of wan despair,
By which my breast is torn,
While rob'd of thee, my lovely fair,
More sweet than May-day morn:
Then haste, dear tenant of my heart,
Nor let my soul repine;
O fly to heal thy lover's smart,
Dear charming valentine.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Master Welsh.

AT evening, when my work is done,
 And the breeze at setting sun
 Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
 Then alone I love to glide,
 Unheard, unseen, my holy oar,
 Steals along the shaded shore :
 All is dark, and all is mute,
 Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
 Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
 Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey-wall I steer,
 There the choral hymn I hear ;
 While the organ's lengthen'd note,
 Seems in distant woods to float :
 Returning then, my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore :
 All is dark, &c.

S O N G.

IN THE LOW WINDING VALE.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

IN the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream
 Where the convent of Nicholas stood :
 The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,
 And, believe me, the produce is good :

E

How

How the monks, in their day,
 Must have it igg'd it away,
 O they'd let not a cluster escape;
 Till their cheeks I suppose,
 In an afternoon's doze,
 Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mouldering walls are conceal'd by the fruit,
 And the liquor you'll say is divine,
 Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,
 Our cups overflow with the wine.
 How the monks in their day, &c.

S O N G.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. Inceden.

FOR England, when, with a fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd:
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep nine.

And bearing up, to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true:
 While oft' the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark seven.

And

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:
 The lead once more the seaman hung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 Quarter less five.

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
 We take in sail — the feels the tide,
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry,
 "The anchor's gone," we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and thro' the night,
 We hear the seaman with delight
 Precious, — "all's well."

S O N G.*

YE STREAMS.

Sung by Mrs. Cr. ch.

YE streams that round my prison creep,
 If on your mossy banks you see
 My gallant lover stand and weep,
 O murmur this command from me —
 Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
 And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
 If in your breezy flight you see
 My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
 Oh! whisper this command from me —
 Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
 And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

S O N G.*

HARK! THE CLARION SOUNDS A FAR.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

HARK! hark! the clarion sounds a far,
The hostile band is near;
The hero burns to join the battle,
Whilst drums and trumpets rattle:
Whilst drums and trumpets rattle.

Eager to fill th' historic page,
The thirst of glory all his rage:
With crowds of foes he strews the ground,
Whilst war-like strains of joy rebound,
Whilst war-like strains of joy rebound.

S O N G.*

PRITHEE, FOOL, BE QUIET.

AS t'other day young Damon stray'd,
Where Chloe sat demure,
He doff'd his hat, and sigh'd, and gaz'd,
'Twas love that struck him sure:
With rev'rence he approach'd the fair,
Which she look'd very shy at;
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
'Twas—prithee, fool, be quiet.

My

My dear, he cry'd, now be not coy,
 Nor think my meaning rude;
 Let love, like mine, thy mind employ,
 True love can ne'er intrude:
 Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
 Which, frowning, she cry'd he at,
 And when he struggled for the bliss,
 Said—prithee, fool, be quiet.

Then kneeling at her feet, he swore
 Without her he should die;
 And man ne'er lov'd a woman more,
 And heav'd a melting sigh:
 Cupid unseen now touch'd her breast,
 And there kick'd up a riot:
 Much soften'd, yet she still express'd,
 Nay—prithee, Sir, be quiet.

CANTATA.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

RECITATIVE.

WHERE two tall elms their verdant boughs
 entwine,
 To form a shade, from spreading hazel's join'd;
 'Twas there, to pass in sweets the sultry hours,
 Young Damon hung the woodlands fairest flow'rs:
 And when intensely beam'd the mid-day heat,
 He led his Phillis to the cool retreat;

E 3

Where

Where grew the cuckoo-bud, and daffodil,
 With wild thyme sweet, that loves the moss-clad hill:
 No eye to see, no ear to hear their chat,
 Low on the velvet grass the lovers sat:
 Let not foul envy think they meant offence,
 No more they knew, but love and innocence:
 With gentle accents trembling on his tongue,
 Thus to the maid he lov'd the shepherd sung.

A I R.

Whilst shelter'd from the beams of noon,
 Your ewes and lambkins rest,
 Dear Phillis grant the promis'd bliss,
 And make your Damon blest.

The thrush no more shall wake the plain;
 The lark, at rising day,
 Forget to give his cheering strain,
 When Spring leads up the May.

These clover-vales shall bloom no more,
 No verdure dress the grove;
 Yon stream forsake its rushy shore,
 When I deceive my love.

RÉCITATIVE.

No more he meant than on her breast to lie,
 To dream of joys the realms of bliss supply:
 The blushing maid, of virtue's sacred train,
 Repuls'd his love, and thus address'd the swain.

A I R.

Far o'er the Tweed a shepherd dwells,
 All silver is his beard;
 Note what the hoary hermit tells,
 There's truth in ev'ry word.

Last eve I ran across the vale,
 Swift as the swallow flies;
 His cot obtain'd, I told my tale,
 And begg'd him to advise

Beware, he said, our ruder race,
 For youth is fraught with art;
 And he who wears the fairest face,
 Oft' wants a gentle heart.

Hapless for life's the luckless fair,
 If such she's doom'd to wed;
 'Twere better death should save her care,
 Upon her bridal bed.

Such were his words—and, Oh! my swain,
 Should you prove insincere,
 Phillis must thro' her life complain,
 And often drop a tear.

RECITATIVE.

The ardent lover heard the maid's surmise,
 Then thus, enraptur'd, to her plaint replies.

A I R.

Pluck wild ambition from your mind,
 Once rooted, 'twill increase;
 And soon the bitter fruit you'll find
 Destructive to your peace.

Think better, sweet, of one that's true,
 Believe my heart your own;
 For were a thousand maids in view,
 I'd take but you alone.

This boon I ask of heav'n to give,
 In some sequester'd home,
 With you in wedlock's bands to live,
 Without a thought to roam.

From grey-ey'd morn till silly eve,
 From eve till rising day,
 No joy without thee I'd receive,
 Without thee ne'er be gay.

Be thou but mine, with rosy health,
 Let dear content be by,
 The rest I'll leave the sons of wealth,
 Without a single sigh.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the youth, whose breast was honor's throne,
 Whose mind simplicity had made her own:
 'Till far a-field, the tinkling village bells,
 Call'd sportive echo from her grotts and cells:

They

They left the grove, unto the dance they sped,
Revel'd till eve, and the next morn were wed.

A I R.

Now love and fond wishes concur,
To make them the talk of the plain;
The maids take example from her,
And the shepherds all copy the swain.

Where'er such examples are shewn.
Who of wedlock can ever repent?
Where constancy governs the throne,
The subjects are sure of content.

RECITATIVE.

To seek no more, let lover's learn from hence,
'Till Hymen wills, than Love and Innocence.

S O N G.*

RULE, BRITANNIA.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;

E 5

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The Nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse, arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe but thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest isle with beauties, with matchless beauties
crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MEDLEY.

THIS world is a stage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng,
But all in confusion,
Meer folly, delusion,
And faith nothing else but a song,
A song, a song,
And faith nothing else but a song.

The parson, so grave,
Says your soul he will save,
And point the right way from the wrong,
After piously teaching,
With long-winded preaching,
He puts of his flock with a song.

The doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With assurance to make you live long;
But, believe me tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the rest it is all but a song.

The surgeon so bold
 His lancet doth hold,
 And slashes your body along:
 Small wounds he enlarges,
 To fill up their charges,
 His art like the rest is a song.

The soldier he rattles,
 Of sieges and battles,
 And sieges that he's been among:
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought with a song.

The ship-master cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft, my brave boys, it blows strong:
 Boy, make us some slip,
 And I'll warrant the ship
 Will soon reach her port, is the song.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
 The lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his mellifluous tongue;
 'Twixt demur and vacation
 He'll raise expectation,
 Then sink your estate to a song.

The merchant is bent
 On his twenty per Cent.
 To him Journal and Ledger belong;
 Commission with charges
 His profit enlarges,
 Till his balance may end in a song.

With-

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The gay fop behold strutting along;
 Just arriv'd from his travels,
 At nothing he levels
 But only a dance and a song.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
 The whole day she will pass,
 To consult her dear glass,
 And at night die away with a song.

The surly old prude,
 She will say you are rude,
 For the bliss tho' she secretly long;
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song.

The courtier he smiles
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long;
 He squeezes your hand,
 And calls you his friend,
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholy,
 Since we are good fellows among;
 Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up our glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song.

SONG.

S O N G.†

THE TRUE BRITON.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

WHEN our enemies rise, and defiance proclaim,
Undaunted to battle we fly,
Forget the soft ties which enervate the frame,
And fight till we conquer or die:
Our sweethearts we leave, nay our children and wives,
And brave all the danger of war's,
We fight that the rest may lead peaceable lives,
And stand till the last in their cause.

In the heat of the battle, when loud cannons roar,
And the wounded our vengeance excite;
We muster our men more enrag'd than before,
And with double the fury we fight:
When the tumult is o'er, and th' unfortunate slain
Are decently laid in the ground,
To our friends and our home we return once again,
With honor and victory crown'd.

SONG.

S O N G.†

WILLIAM AND ANN.

Sung by Master Wylsh.

UNCHEERING was the fatal morn,
 The clouds assum'd a fable hue,
 When William bent his steps forlorn,
 To bid his lovely Ann adieu:
 With anxious cares and grief oppress'd,
 With anguish rankling in his heart,
 He clasp'd the fair-one to his breast,
 And fondly cry'd we soon must part.

To raging hostile seas I go,
 Where Galia's sons dispute our fame,
 To hurl destruction on the foe,
 And vindicate the British name:
 Then check, my love, that bursting tear,
 Let reason's force thy grief controul;
 My own affliction I can bear,
 But thine distress me to the soul.

Tho' boistrous winds around me blow,
 Tho' angry billows round me swell,
 For thee my constant breast shall glow,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell: —
 Thus spoke the youth, and sigh'd adieu,
 Then fought the gallant vessel's side,
 Dark fate her keenest arrow drew,
 And William bravely fought and dy'd.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE SAILOR'S RELIEF.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

NOW safe moor'd with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While we sing our lives at sea:
O'er the wide wave swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low;
As to fear tis all a notion,
When our time's come we must go.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,
Down top gallants, down be hauling,
Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand:
Now set the braces,
Don't make wry faces,
But the lee top-sail sheets let go,
Starboard here,
Larboard there,
Turn your quid,
Take a swear,
Yo, yo, yo.

Oh!

Oh! ye landsmen, idly lying
 All along-side beauty's charms,
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
 Free from all but love's alarms:
 While on billows, billows rolling,
 Death appears in every form;
 On no lady's laps we're lolling,
 No kind kifs can calm the storm.

But loud peals on peals are clashing,
 Through rift rocks the shrill wind shrieks;
 In our eyes fierce lightning flashes,
 Scorch the sails, and stench the decks:
 Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
 Black o'erspread the face of day;
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
 Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High the tossing tempest heaves us,
 Tow'ds the pole aloft we go;
 While the clouds seem to receive us,
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below:
 In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
 Down we sink from sight of sky,
 By the swell as instant up thrown,
 Hark! what means yon dismal cry.

The foremast's gone, yells some sad tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck—
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck:

Quick.

Quick the lannvards cut in pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
 Warring waves arond us foam,
 For the worst while we're preparing,
 Nature shrinks and sighs for home:
 There, our babes, perhaps are saying,
 In their little lisping strain,
 As round mother's knees they're playing,
 Daddy soon will come again.

Tune—Early one morn a jolly young tar.

If we must die, why we must die,
 'Tis a birth in which we all must belay mun,
 When our debt's due, for death won't trust,
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun:
 As to life's striking its flag, never fear,
 Our cruize is out, that's all, my brother,
 In this world we've luff'd it up thus, and no near,
 So let's ship ourselves off for another.

Tune—The first over again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
 To the pump come ev'ry hand,
 See, her mizen-mast is going,
 On the lee-beam lies the land:

Rising

Rising rocks appear before us,
 Hopeless, yet for help we call;
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
 To the storm's fell pow'r we fall.

Now dismay, with aspect horrid,
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
 And despair, with bristly forehead,
 On each bloodless face appears:
 Sadly we view the ruthless wave,
 O'erwhelming seas roll mountain high;
 The swell comes on, our wat'ry grave—
 Hark! what means yon happy cry.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights, the rights, boys, wear off shore:
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
 We'll again lead sailors lives:
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.

S O N G.

THE YIELDING NYMPH.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart,
 For examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the smart:

When

When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauty's set to view,
 Vanity her aid supplying,
 Bids us think tis all our'due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
 But, too soon, the happy lover,
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :
 Man was born to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe.

S O N G ‡

INDEED, YOUNG MAN, I MUST DENY.

Sung by Miss Milne.

WHEN first young Harry told his tale,
 I smil'd and turn'd the deafen'd ear ;
 Or if he met me in the vale,
 I laugh'd his doleful sigh to hear :
 I danc'd and sung as if for life,
 Nor thought he meant me for his wife ;
 And when he woo'd I us'd to cry,
 Indeed, young man, I must deny :
 Indeed, young man, I must deny ;
 I must deny, I must deny, I must deny,,
 Indeed, young man, I must deny.

One

One day, upon the village green,
 To dance the lads and lasses met ;
 In ev'ry face gay mirth was seen,
 Yet Harry seem'd to pine and fret :
 He look'd and sigh'd, yet fear'd to speak,
 As if his heart was like to break,
 He ask'd a kifs, I cried O fie,
 Indeed, young man, I must deny.

He pull'd my sleeve, I turn'd my head,
 As if I was inclin'd to stay,
 While blushes on my cheeks were spread,
 Which he observing kifs'd away :
 To yonder church let's go, he cried,
 And there be made my charming bride,
 I thought 'twas folly to be shy,
 And own'd I could no more deny.

S O N G.

Sung by Master Welsh.

THRO' forests drear I once did stray,
 Where every songster us'd to say,
 'O loiter here 'tis nature's spring,
 'Thy carol sweet dear minstrel sing.'

'Sweet birds, I cry'd, could I, like you,
 'Ascend the face of heav'n to view ;
 'Like you I'd welcome nature's spring,
 'My carol sweet for ever sing.'

SONG.

D U E T,*

Sung by Mess. Dignum and Dant.

WHILE beams the bright morn,
How sweet sounds the horn,
For the chase while the hunters prepare,
Tally O is the sound,
Which re-echoes around,
When pursuing the hart or the hare :
Tantivy, tantivy, my boys, let's away,
While health gives new charms to the sports of the day.

S O N G.*

THE NOSEGAY.

WHEN Spring resum'd her motley dress,
And thaw'd were winter's chains ;
When birds 'gan softly to express
Love's passion in their strains ;
At that fond season, free from care,
I in my garden rov'd,
To form a posie for my fair,
And cull the flow'rs the lov'd.

The hyacinth in rich perfume,
Jasquil and blushing rose ;
The lily fair in mo'est bloom,
From Flora's store I chose :

With bushy sprig of myrtle green,
 My posie to complete,
 Sweet shrub belov'd of beauty's queen,
 As fragrant as 'tis neat.

The gaudy scene then viewing round,
 A plant well known I spied,
 It stood beneath a mossy mound,
 Prepar'd to grace my bride:
 This friendly aid to drooping man,
 My nosegay did adorn:
 Hebe well pleas'd approv'd my plan,
 With smile like op'ning morn.

Attention now with anxious ear
 Its name may wish to gain,
 Under a veil that must appear
 Enigma shall explain:
 Transpose it then by learning's art,
 An emblem stands confess'd
 Of that which governs Hebe's heart,
 And lulls to peace her breast.

S O N G.*

BEAUTY BLOOMS ON EVERY THORN.

BEAUTY blooms on every thorn,
 Lovely shew the fields to view,
 Fair the blush of rising morn,
 Fairer you.

Sweet

Sweet the flow'rs in rich array,
 Pearled o'er with morning dew,
Sweet the breath of infant May,
 Sweeter you.

Mild the breeze that fans the grove,
 Mild the feather'd nation too,
Mild the voice of happy love,
 Milder you.

S O N G.†

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes at break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O, hide, those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears:
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

S O N G.

TETE-A-TETE.

IF joys unblemish'd be my aim,
On virtue's wings I fly,
In earnest Delia's promise claim,
To bring the blessing nigh.

Mankind may seek in various ways,
For happiness compleat,
But no where find such rich displays,
As in a tete-a-tete.

They smoke, joke, rant, and drink, and swear,
Yet, ah! my Delia say,
How poor such sensual pleasures are,
How subject to decay.

But, lovely maid, thy converse give,
Thy lover's fears defeat,
With thee 'tis worth ten thousand lives
T' enjoy a tete-a-tete.

From noisy scenes I seek repose,
To thee I quick retreat,
For life would be a fulsome dose
Without a tete-à-tete.

S O N G.†

THE TINT ON THE CHEEK OF MY LOVE.

NO hue of the rose can compare,
With the tint on the cheek of my love;
Her breath is a perfume so rare,
That its fragrance it cannot improve.

Those portals of pearl, that give grace
To her lips, which her mouth to adorn,
Add lustre to that angel's face,
Which rivals the goddess of morn.

S O N G.

THERE THE MOON-SILVER'D WATERS ROAM,

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

THERE the moon-silver'd waters roam,
And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
Spangling with their starry foam
The tow'ring cliff that guards the land.

There the screaming sea-bird flits,
Dips in the wave his dusky form;
Or on the rocking turret sits,
Th' exulting Demon of the storm.

There,

There, as village legends tell,
 Many a shipwreck'd seaman's ghost
 Listens to the distant knell,
 When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

D U E T.

THE BLUSH ON HER CHEEK.

Sung by Mess. Incledon and Bowden.

THE blush on her cheek was by modesty dress'd,
 And her eyes beam'd the virtues that dwell in
 her breast;
 May those eyes, and that bosom, unruffled by care;
 Be unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by care;
 Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
 May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of love.

S O N G.*

NOT TO THE VICTORIES OF A YEAR.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

NOT to the victories of a year,
 Does this proud country owe her name;
 Nor will the failure of a day,
 Abate the lustre of her fame:
 Albion, fair star, in glory's sky most bright,
 May never cloud obscure thy silver light.



(100)

The checks of war but serve to give,
To English spirits bolder spring;
As eagles in the adverse gale,
Hold on their course with stronger wing;
Albion, fair star, in glory's sky most bright,
May never cloud obscure thy silver light.

S O N G.*

LET'S RANGE THE FIELDS, MY SALLY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

PRIMROSES deck'd the bank's green side,
Cowslips enrich'd the valley,
The blackbird woos his destin'd bride,
Let's range the fields, my Sally.

The devious path our steps shall bring
To yonder happy grove,
Where nightingales delighted sing,
And zephyrs whisper love.

With sweetest flow'rs a wreath I'll twine,
To twine that modest brow of thine;
My love shall banish ev'ry fear,
And crown thee goddess of the year.

SONG.

(101)

S O N G S

A FAVORITE LIVONIAN AIR.

ABANDONED and rejected,
I mourn in lowly cell,
And bid, by all neglected,
To joy and friends farewell;
Left to my tears and sorrow,
Unpitied I complain;
No comfort smiles—each morrow,
Increases still my pain.

Oh! happy days, when, blessed
With innocence my heart;
Sweet calm enjoy'd, nor guessed,
The sly seducer's art:
When pure, and unpolluted,
My bosom joyful hove,
By friends and parents soothed,
Still free from guilt and love.

But, woe me, now lamenting,
I pine in dreary gloom,
With heavy heart repenting,
I yield unto my doom:
'Twas you, seducing author
Of all my pains and fears,
Robb'd me of friends and father,
Sad source of all my tears.

And yet you can abandon
 Me thus to wild despair,
 Can leave me, fickle wanton,
 To waste my sighs in air:
 Ah! then by all rejected,
 The grave be my relief,
 Abandoned, unprotected,
 May death assuage my grief.

S O N G. §

THE SUN BEAMS OF LOVE.

WITH gold from the East the bright sun tips the
 hills,
 Its ardour from earth the rich dew drops distils,
 With prolific juices each plant he makes gay,
 Unlock'd nature's sluices to blossom in May,
 Whence autumn all bounteous his treasure does bring
 And thro' winter we bless the kind sun beams of spring.

Thus love finds the heart, first hard frozen and cold,
 'Till warm'd with soft rapture, he makes it unfold;
 Its sweets we discover when thrilling with joy,
 We clasp a fond lover whose smiles ne'er can cloy,
 Blest with peace and content we true happiness prove,
 And thro' life own and bless the kind sun beams of love.

SONG.

S O N G. §

LEAP YEAR.

Sung by Mrs. Eland.

A SHEPHERDESS one morning fair,
Fal lal la, lal lal la,
Had wander'd forth to take the air,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la;
Was tripping lightly o'er the plain,
Espied a young and blooming swain,
And thus began her artless strain,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la.

Ah! beauteous youth, if you'll have me,
Fal lal la, &c.
For ever constant I will be,
Fal lal la, &c.
Your daily meals I will prepare,
The choicest fruits my love shall share,
To you I'll sing with such an air,
Fal lal la, &c.

The swain reluctant rais'd his eyes,
Fal lal la, &c.
And to the damsel scarce replies,
Fal lal la, &c.

Begone, fair maid, this sacred shade
 For solitude alone was made,
 Where nought but care my thoughts invade,
 Fal la la, &c.

With sighs and tears she fondly strove
 Fal la la, &c.
 To win his heart, to gain his love,
 Fal la la, &c.
 And soon she, to her heart's content,
 Obtain'd of him a free consent,
 And to the church they quickly went,
 Fal la la.

S O N G.

INNOCENCE.

COME, sweet innocence, chearful maid,
 Carelessly throw thy mantle by,
 Hence reserve, aside be laid,
 Pensive bosom cease to sigh.

Innocence, thou heav'n-born fair,
 Guardian of the honest heart,
 Join with mirth to quit dull care,
 Let mirth with innocence take part.

Why should sadness cloud the hours,
 Prudence bids us to improve?
 Few the drops which fortune pours,
 And her choicest drop is love.

Hail

Hail then innocence and love,
And varied mirth, combine thy pow'rs,
Let the evening joys then prove,
That mirth and innocence is ours.

S O N G.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY;

OR THE

GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

YOU gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas:
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
All the cares,
And the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think,
For to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen to endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure ;
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams,
 On the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond our wanted course ;
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low ;
 'Tis in vain
 To complain
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is lost in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves ;
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low,
 'Tis with waves,
 O with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
 With all our might and thought,
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out :

To God we call for succour,
 For he it is, we know,
 That must aid us,
 And save us,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawver and the usurer,
 That sit in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm, can take no harm,
 Abroad they need not stir:
 When winter fierce, with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure
 To endure,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device:
 To please the English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
 For we toil,
 And we moil,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
 To fetch home spices rare,
 Sometimes again to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare:
 Whilst gallants are carousing,
 In taverns on a row,
 Then we sweep
 O'er the deep
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
 In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
 We straight lie down to rest :
 But when the billows tumble,
 And waves do furious grow,
 Then we rouse,
 Up we rouse,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars
 With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds nor fears ;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel
 In the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
 We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread :
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates
 To the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we are bold adventurers
 We ne'er shall want a trade ;

Our

Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know;
 Then be bold,
 Work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains;
 We call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before go,
 Then we'll roar,
 On the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

S O N G.*

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRs, AT THAT.

Sung at Vauxhall.

BUT three months yet I've been a wife,
 And spouse already shews his airs,
 I wish I'd liv'd a single life,
 But, as I did'n't, why — who cares?
 Beside, let husbands use their tongues,
 And scold, and bounce, and cock their hat;
 By Jove he'll find, nay, shall so, too,
 That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

I'll

I'll go to operas, balls, and plays,
 And where I like, and won't be check'd ;
 Egad I'll racket nights and days
 Until he treats me with respect :
 And if he romps with I know who,
 Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat,
 He then may find, nay, shall so, too,
 That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
 And sometimes let me have my will,
 (Young wives, you know, most surely should)
 I'll duly every rite fulfil;
 I'll never, Oh! no, never rove,
 But stay at home with dear and chat,
 And prove, by tenderest deeds of love,
 That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

S O N G.

THE ENTREATY.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
 To vex a tender heart,
 To gold and title you relent,
 Love throws in vain his dart.
 Let glittering fops in courts be great,
 For pay let armies move ;
 Beauty should have no other bait,
 But gentle vows and love.

(III)

If on those endless charms you lay,
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay—
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah! Celia, if true love you prize,
Behold it in my heart.

S O N G.

AH! DAMON, DEAR SHEPHERD, ADIEU.

AH! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu,
By love and first nature allied,
Together in fondness we grew,
Ah! would we together had dy'd:
For thy faith, which resembled my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu.

What bliss can hereafter be mine,
Whom ever engaging I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee:
Though the muses should crown me with art,
Though honor and fortune should join;
Since thou art deny'd to my heart,
What bliss can hereafter be mine?

Ah!

Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, farewell,
 Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind;
 Though no more in cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind:
 Each morning I'll visit alone
 His ashes, who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 'Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, farewell.'

S O N G.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

W AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-star raging heat:
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose,
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays,
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flowery meadow strays:
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell,
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide,
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide:
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
 Where water-lilies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

S O N G.

THE FORSAKEN FAIR.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet,
 But, ah! how swift they flew:
 The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
 The garden, and the grove,
 Have echoed to his artless tale,
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And measure time by pain:
 But heav'n will take the mourner's part,
 In pity to despair,
 And the last sigh that rends the heart,
 Shall waft the spirit there.

SONG.

S O N G.

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when zephyr blows:
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring her note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
 No change in love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow,
 And marble towers, and gates of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above;
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heav'n together came;
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name;
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

S O N G.

PASTORA OF THE PLAIN.

COME, dear Pastora, come away,
 And hail the cheerful spring;
 Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
 And woods with love notes ring:

Now

Now Phœbus to the west descends,
 And sheds a fainter ray;
 And as our rural labour ends,
 We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bow'r,
 With blooming woodbines twin'd,
 Let us enjoy the evening hour,
 On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
 Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
 The chrystal current shade;
 O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
 My faithful heart has made.

Within this breast no soft deceit,
 No artful flattery bides;
 But truth, scarce known among the great,
 O'er every thought presides:
 On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
 And all its glittering train;
 Be mine the pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
 Each rising care subdue;
 Thy presence can each grief remove,
 And every joy renew:
 The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
 Their transient bloom is vain;
 But lasting truth and virtue paint
 Pastora of the Plain.

SONG.

S O N G.

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

S O N G.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky:
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come,

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peeps the buds, the blossom blows,
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose:
 Let us secure the soft delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night,
 Arise, my love, and come away.

S O N G.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
 And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

S O N G.

THE FAINT DENIAL.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reck'ning yields,
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 In fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joy no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

S O N G.

WOULD WE ATTAIN.

WOULD we attain the happiest state
 That is design'd us here?
 No joy a rapture must create,
 No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
 No honor tempt to pride,
 No vain desires of empty praise
 Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth or beauty move,
 The constant settled breast;
 Who leaves a passage free to love,
 Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
 Where none of these abound;
 The greatest blessing heaven does give,
 Or can on earth be found.

S O N G.*

THE BUGLE HORN.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

IN merry Sherwood we merry men all
Live here like the birds most free ;
The daify a carpet makes for our fine hall,
And our roof is the greenwood tree :
In town let 'em wear silk hose,
And gold on their funday cloaths,
Our deer ev'ry day in the week,
Wears a doublet brown and sleek ;
The ram has a coat most rough,
But cold he looks in his buff,
And that's when his back is shorn,
Let the bow cry twang, let the bow cry twang,
Twang dillo go lang, twang dillo go lang,
Then sweet sounds the bugle horn.

We take from the rich and we give to the poor,
And we feast on the well fatted deer ;
Our bus'ness is game, and game we can shoot,
As our table does make it appear :
In town let 'em wear silk hose, &c.

My merry men all are stout and bold,
And thus are they chosen by me ;
The man that's not able my sides to baste,
Comes not into my company :
In town let 'em wear silk hose, &c.

S O N G.*

THE FISHERWOMEN.

Sung in Don Juan.

THUS for men the women fair,
Lay the cunning cunning snare;
While like fish the men will rove,
And with beauty fall in love:
What is beauty but the bait,
Oft' repented when too late.

If too rash to seize the prize,
Now display'd before their eyes,
How you'll rue, when all is past,
Hymen's hook, which holds you fast:
'Ere you marry, then beware,
'Tis a blessing or a snare.

G L E E.*

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Sung by Mess. Sedgwick, Huttley and Dignum.

HERE's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let a bumper toast go round:
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found.
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.*

ADIEU, MY FERNANDO FOR EVER.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

A DIEU, my Fernando, ah! never
Again will I cherish fond love;
Thy form to my sight remains ever,
Still constant my passion shall prove:
Cold is that hand, pale is that cheek,
In death will I my lover seek,
All joy from me, from me is fled,
My life, my love, Fernando's dead.

S O N G.*

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

DEAR Nancy I've sail'd the world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over:
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
Have borne in each clime the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me, &c.

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine;
 And rank my attractions e'en fewer;
 At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty Brunette;
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me, &c.

When order'd afar, in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low;
 And ah! never more see my Nancy;
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget:
 I took the advice and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette:
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me, &c.

S O N G.*

LACK A DAISY—MY POOR LITTLE HEART.

Sung by Miss Gray, at Sadler's Wells.

I'VE often been told of the anguish of love,
 Arm'd with caution against cupid's dart;
 If it e'er should be mine the strange passion to prove,
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart:

There

There is a young shepherd I own, when we - et
 I'm so blest! tho' I sigh when we part!
 To be sure this can never be love, 'tis so sweet,
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart.

He bought a straw hat at the fair t'other day,
 Set off with pink ribbons so smart,
 And he gave it to me in a manner so gay
 Lack a daisy my poor little heart:
 But a kifs in return he expected to get,
 I vow'd from a kifs I'd not part,
 But he somehow obtain'd one, and when our lips met,
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart.

I vow if its love that I feel for the swain,
 Love, ye virgins, indeed has no smart,
 And, Oh! if the lad he should love me again,
 Lack a daisy, my poor little heart:
 O dear, if he should, he'll be asking to wed,
 Tho' I'm in no haste, for my part,
 But if he should ask, I may somehow be led
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart.

S O N G.*

HARRY IS THE LAD FOR ME.

Sung by Miss Wingfield.

HARRY is a charming lad,
 Ne'er too modest or too bold;
 Sure the girls are for him mad,
 But his heart secure I hold:

Let me wander where I will,
 Ever near he's sure to be,
 Tho' I chide I love him still,
 Harry is the lad for me.

If we chance to meet alone,
 How he sighs and how he speaks,
 Love pervades each magic tone,
 Guides his tongue, and glows his cheeks:
 Ev'ry sense partakes of bliss,
 All is joy and ecstasy,
 Then does he so sweetly kiss,
 Harry is the lad for me.

'Ere we parted yester eve,
 What d'ye think the creature said?
 Nought but this, if you'll believe,
 Would I, would I, would I wed:
 No, said I, I won't indeed;
 But you shall indeed, says he,
 Well it surely is decreed,
 Harry is the lad for me.

S O N G.*

THE ROSE THAT WEEPS.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
 And glitters in the sunny ray,
 In tears and smiles resembles you,
 When love breaks sorrows clouds away.

The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,
 Enrich the scent, renew the glow;
 So love's sweet tears exalt its pow'r,
 So bliss more brightly shines by woe.

S O N G.*

THE TANNER.

Sung in Merry Sherwood, or Harlequin Forester.

WHY who art thou there, thou fierce fellow,
 That rangest so boldly here?
 In sooth, to be brief,
 Thou look'st like a thief,
 That comes here to steal the King's deer.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
 Nor all thy arrows to boot;
 If thou get'st a knock,
 Upon the bare scap,
 Thou'lt not be inclined to shoot.

I pass not for length, I'd have you to know,
 My staff is of oak so free,
 Eight foot and a half,
 It will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.

S O N G.

WHEN LOVE GETS YOU FAST IN HER CLUTCHES.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

WHEN love gets you fast in her clutches,
And you sigh for your sweetheart away,
Old Time cannot move without crutches,
Alack! how he hobbles, well-a-day!

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colouring o'er my cheeks stray,
Old Time throws away both his crutches,
Alack! how he gallops, well-a-day.

S O N G.*

SWEET MARY COME TO ME.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

WHEN night, and left upon my guard,
Nor leaf nor whisp'ring breeze is heard,
And stars between close branches peep,
And birds are hush'd in downy sleep;
My soul to tender thoughts resign'd,
And lovely Mary fills my mind;
At ev'ry noise, for bluff—Who's there?
I gently breathe, —Is't thou, my fair?
Thy dying soldier haste and see,
Oh! come, sweet Mary, come to me.

As

As on my post thro' blaze of day,
 The wretched, happy, sad, and gay,
 In quick succession move along,
 I see or hear the passing throng;
 My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
 I hug my musket in my arms:
 So all of passions, joy and grief,
 When comrades bring the glad relief,
 I cry, thy soldier haste and see,
 Oh! come, sweet Mary, come to me.

S O N G.*

THE WITCH

Sung by Mr. Martyr.

AS motley is thy fancied gear,
 Right motley be thy mind,
 About, around, be here and there,
 By mortal unconfin'd:
 Try skip very pretty,
 Field, forest, road, and city,
 Yield us ev'ry aid and pleasure,
 My delight and Robin's treasure.

With nimble hand but wave thy sword,
 And, light as flitting thought,
 At noddle shake, tho' mum the word,
 A spirit's ear is caught:
 Trip, skip, &c.

S O N G.

I NEVER LOV'D ANY, DEAR MARY, BUT YOU.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOU say, my dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
And sport with each lass on the green;
That I join in the dance, and sing sonnets of love,
And still with the fairest I'm seen:
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Among the green meadows so blithe and so merry,
With black, fair, and brown, I have frolick'd tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song,
My mind will still wander to you;
Not to Phillis, or Nancy my raptures belong,
To you, and you only, they're due:
With my hey derry down, &c.

In these eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
But, alas! 'tis the language of love;
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Then learn it, all doubts to remove:
With my hey derry down, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MERMAID.

NOW the dancing fun-beams play
On the green and glossy sea ;
Come, and I will lead the way,
Where the pearly treasure be :
Come with me, and we will hgo,
Where the rocks of coral grow ;
Follow me, and we will go,
Where the rocks of coral grow.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves ;
Riches hid from human eye,
Dimly shines in ocean's caves :
Ebbing tides leave no delay,
Stormy winds are far away ;
Come with me, and we will go,
Where the rocks of coral grow.

S O N G.

THE MERRY SCOTCH LADDIE.

Sung by Mr. Masters.

MERRY lasses draw near, I'm a pedlar so gay,
Just popp'd here to pay you a visit ;
Commodities pleasing and smart I display,
Come, out with your money, where is it ?

G 6

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

What, what, pretty maidens, you all gather round,
 Me! how pleas'd and how smirking you are!
 But what to admire have your pretty looks found?
 Is it me, pretty maids, or my ware?
 For look, I've got ribbons and laces,
 And patches to set off your faces,
 You'll look, girls, like so many graces,
 When deck'd out by me I declare:
 And then I've got bugles and beads, such a show,
 Befitting the finest fair lady;
 Besides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,
 Now an't I so spruce in my pladdy!
 With my tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol lol,
 You all love a merry scotch laddie.

Adzcookers fly Sawney, don't be so demure,
 If the heart of your lass you'd be stealing,
 You must purchase my goods—what a smile! now I'm
 sure,
 'Tis with me she would wish to be dealing.
 What, what, &c.

I've tramp'd it to fairs for a few years or so,
 And the fair round me all in a crack were;
 O Lord I'm so follow'd wherever I go,
 I'm obliged to cry lasses fall back there.
 What, what, &c.

SONG.

C H O R U S.

Sung in the Mysteries of the Castle.

GAILY tripping to and fro,
We village maids to market go;
And with jest and jocund lay,
Oft' beguile the tedious way:
Nor stop to make our purpose known,
Till we have reach'd the destin'd town.

S O L O.

Then with smiles, and curtsy meet,
Welcome customers we greet;
And, our pittance to improve,
Barter ev'ry thing but love.

D U E T A N D C H O R U S.

Feign'd affections—purchas'd arts,
Ill accord with virgins' hearts:
There our innocence we prove,
Bartering love alone for love.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

IN the cup of female life
Pleasure swims precarious:
Ah! well a-day:
Ev'ry draught, to maid or wife,
Flows with sorrows various:
Ah! lack-a-day.

Fear

Fear our infant peace destroys,
 Cold restraint our youth annoys;
 Falsehood poisons riper joys:
 So the cup of female life
 Bitter is to maid or wife.
 Ah! lack, and ah! well-a-day.

S O N G.*

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
 Each softer joy and ease;
To distant climes he loves to roam,
 Nor dreads the boisterous seas:
His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
 Scorns from the foe to run;
In battle terrors melt away,
 As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world,
 Britannia's flag would lower;
Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty pow'r:
But see Bellona sheathes her sword,
 Hush'd is the angry main;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He

He hastens to his native shore,
 Where dwells sweet joy and rest;
 His lovely Susan's smiles implore.
 To crown and make him blest:
 Now all the toils and dangers past,
 And Susan's love remains,
 The honest tar is blest at last,
 Her smiles reward his pains.

S O N G.*

FAIR ELLEN.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

FAIR Ellen was a gentle maid,
 Whose breast no care could move,
 'Till Edwy false, her truth betray'd,
 And sought another love:
 Then crown'd her head with willow,
 With drooping weeping willow.

In vain on Edwy would she call,
 His cruel heart to move;
 For he is gone from bower to hall,
 To seek another love:
 Then crown her head, &c.

Another maid may be more fair,
 Yet not so constant prove:
 Her heart, a prey to keen despair,
 Will own no other love:
 Then crown her head, &c.

SONG.

S O N G. †

THE WAITER.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people
dine,

And the very best of eatables they cater,
Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine

I attend as a merry merry waiter :

Then a tablecloth can spread,

And decant my white and red ;

Manage matters to a charm,

With my napkin under arm,

Can a skin-flint, or jolly fellow, tell ;

Know whether they'il come down

A tizzy, or a crown,

So I treat them as I find them, ill or well :

And when noisy, roaring, drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming.

Going in, Madam—Coming up, Sir—D—n the bells,
they're all ringing at once—Coming, coming.

In their very merry meetings I always like to share,

Whole bottles sometimes broke, why then I snack it ;

In that I'm quite at home, so I travels you know where,

Sally Chambermaid and I flily crack it :

She a little fortune's made
 Just by making warm a bed,
 So I think it not amiss,
 Now and then to snatch a kiss,
 For you know I likes Sally very well ;
 So hobnobbing as we chat,
 Looking loving and all that,
 In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal :
 Mistrefs, maids, all bawling, drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, coming.
 John, Devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the
 Angel ; Tom take care of No. 21, I shall take care
 of No. 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd not
 Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling,
 A plover was serv'd up, the ge'man swore no bill 't had
 got,
 Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in ;
 Thus I joke and gaily talk,
 While poor Master jokes with chalk ;
 And will jingling glasses drink,
 While I jingle in the chink :
 Cod he breaks and I buy in who can tell ;
 Sally mistrefs then is made,
 Up to ev'ry servant's trade,
 We are certain sure, your honors, to do well :
 Brisk and busy, no hum-drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, coming :

James take care of No. 4, and see that Sam Cel-
 larman sends up prick'd bottles ; they're a shabby
 set, and we may never see them again. Mrs.
 Napkin, shew my Lord to the Star and Garter, and
 Lawyer Lattitat to the devil—He going there him-
 self, Sir, he knows the way very well.

D U E T,

Sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Martyr.

STILL blest lovers, in your sight,
May unclouded prospects lie ;
And the wings of sweet delight,
Aid the moments as they fly ;
Whilst on every balmy gale,
Music's softest notes prevail.

Health, fair offspring of the sky,
Guard the bloom of beauty's cheek ;
Let fond admiration's eye
There alone for transports seek :
Ever near her steps be seen,
Radiant pleasures, joys serene.

S O N G.

IN ALL THE NATIONS ROUND US.

Sung by Mr. Dighton.

IN all the nations round us,
What wisdom can compare,
With their's who ne'er let indolence
Usurp the place of care :

Let

Let foes attack in open war,
 Or friends more sily deal,
 An active mind can ills remove,
 Or lighten those we feel :

C H O R U S.

Then let it be told to the nations around,
 That blessings unnumber'd to England belong ;
 Where the arts and the sciences smiling are found,
 And the muses attend them with dance and with song

The man of trade, the man of war,
 To distant nations roam ;
 Yet round the globe make this their boast,
 That England is their home :
 And while within this happy land,
 Shall justice hold her seat,
 The friendly stranger here will find
 His last and best retreat.

That Englishmen are worth remark,
 Must all the world allow :
 Nay, trust me for one truth at last—
 I'm no Munchausen know—
 They laugh and cry, and work and play,
 Fight, kiss, and beat their wives,
 And, tho' they grumble every day,
 They're happy all their lives.

SONG.

S O N G.†

FAIR NANCY PIN'D IN SORROW.

Sung by Mr. Inckledon.

FAIR Nancy pin'd in sorrow,
Her languid cheek grew pale,
She was the sweetest maiden
That bloom'd on Cheviot dale;
It was not wealth she wish'd for,
Since she was fortune's care;
No envy rack'd her bosom,
For she was kind as fair.

Yet still she pin'd in sorrow,
In vain was all relief;
In vain each fond endeavour,
To trace the source of grief:
She found a secret pleasure,
To check the glancing eye,
To feel without complaining,
To love without a sigh.

Oft' would she smile, as seeming
The big-swoln tear to shroud,
Smile as the May-day sun-beam,
That glitters thro' a cloud:
But, worn with months of anguish,
Her pulse throbb'd weak and slow,
Her smiles forgot to mantle,
And e'en her tears to flow.

But

But once, when all was silent,
 And darkness sooth'd despair,
 She breath'd these mournful accents,
 Adown the midnight air:
 'Ah! Edmund, shall your Nancy
 'Sink hopelefs in the grave;
 'No lover's heart to pity?
 'No lover's hand to save?'

'And are you lost to feeling,
 'Unconscious of my fate?
 'You will esteem—Ah! torture,
 'That's colder e'en than hate:
 'Fain would my spirit linger
 'To bid one fond adieu:
 'Ah! no—'twould rend your bosom,
 'To think I die for you.'

Her watchful sister listen'd,
 And caught the secret tale;
 And flew in haste to Edmund,
 Quite over Cheviot dale;
 She blush'd, yet thought 'twas pity
 Such love should be conceal'd;
 She wept, and ev'ry accent,
 And ev'ry sigh reveal'd.

Slow are the lightning's flashes,
 Which from the tempest dart,
 To the new blaze of passion
 That burst upon his heart:
 'For me,' he cry'd, 'for Edmund,
 'For me, O hapless maid?
 'O let me fly to save her,
 'Or in one grave be laid.'

He

He came—her cheek averted,
 For whiteness mock'd the snow;
 He started, nor could greet her,
 His whole frame trembled so:
 She turn'd, and shrunk with terror,
 As from his glance she stole;
 And such a look she gave him,
 That harrow'd up the soul.

But stretch'd her hand, so clay cold,
 As if to say, forgive;
 Since you are kind and tender,
 I now could wish to live:
 Then rising from her pillow,
 With anxious fondness cry'd,
 'And do you love your Nancy?'
 'Indeed!'—She smil'd and dy'd.

S O N G.†

GO, GENTLE ZEPHYR.

GO, gentle zephyr, go,
 And shouldst thou meet the mistress of my heart,
 Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,
 But never say whose sigh thou art:
 Flow, limpid rivulet, flow,
 And should thy murmur'ing waters near her glide,
 Tell her thou'rt swell'd by many a tear,
 But not whose eyes those tears supply'd.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

IN poverty's garb tho' 'tis true I'm array'd,
Yet jocund with me pass the hours ;
Contentment is mine, tho' a poor rustic maid,
I cheerful cry who'll buy sweet flow'rs?
These roses shall give girls a warning,
That those beauties those dimples they prize,
Which they take so much pains in adorning,
Soon like the rose withers and dies :
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

When spring doth the face of all nature inspire,
And gladdens the earth with its show'rs;
When cold hoary frost from the meadows retire,
Then I cheerful cry who'll buy sweet flow'rs :
Then, ladies, I pray take a warning,
'Tis not beauty alone you should prize ;
For, though fresh and blooming this morning,
Alas ! on the morrow it withers and dies :
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

SONG!

S O N G.†

MY LOVE TO WAR IS GOING.

MY love to war is going,
And I am left to mourn;
For him my tears are flowing,
Ah when will he return?

O war, thou source of sorrow,
By thee what thousands mourn,
Perhaps before to-morrow,
He fills the fatal urn.

S O N G.†

COME, GENTLE ZEPHYR.

COME, gentle zephyr, lend thy aid,
Forfake yon gliding spring,
To seek the lovely weeping maid,
O wave thy swiftest wing:
And when you find the blooming fair,
O tell her what I feel;
In plaintive murmurs to her ear,
My sighs my vows reveal.

SONG.

S O N G. ||

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Sung by Master Welsh.

ONCE friends I had, but, ah! too soon
 Death robb'd me of my parents dear;
 Left me to mourn my wretched doom,
 And wander friendless in despair:
 Forlorn o'er hills and dales I rovd,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy;
 At length a swain, with pity mov'd,
 Made me an humble Shepherd Boy.

Soon as I view the dawn of day,
 To flow'ry plain my flocks I lead,
 And whilst for food my lambkins stray,
 On some lone bank I tune my reed:
 Did those who bathe in seeming bliss,
 Once taste the sweets that I enjoy,
 They'd wish for humble happiness,
 And envy me, the Shepherd Boy.

When down the western sky the sun
 Descends, to gladden eastern climes;
 'Tis then my daily toil is done,
 And I to rest repair betimes:
 In rustic garb 'tis true I'm clad,
 Yet nothing does my peace annoy,
 And tho' my fortune is but sad,
 Still heav'n may bless the Shepherd Boy.

H

SONG.

SONG.

THO' Old England, cry'd William, invites me to
arms,

And bids me, dear Susan, relinquish thy charms;
Yet still thy lov'd image shall dwell in my heart,
And 'midst every danger shall transport impart:
'Till with victory crown'd I return to the shore,
Then, Susan, dear Susan, I'll leave thee no more.

To Neptune and Mars my fond suit I prefer'd,
Who sooth'd me with smiles when my story they heard;
For with tears and with sighs I their pity implor'd,
And begg'd they would spare the dear youth I ador'd;
And I said if a victor they sent him to shore,
That William, dear William, should leave me no more

The gods thus reply'd and I thank'd them indeed,
'The daughters of Albion in vain never plead,
E'en the whole British fleet in that glory shall share,
Which we to bestow on thy lover prepare:'
Soon in triumph cried I, will our fleet reach the shore,
Then William, dear William, will leave me no more.

While Britannia the laurels prepar'd for her Howe,
He nobly exclaim'd, 'ere the wreath grac'd his brow,
'Twas the brave British seamen that vanquish'd the foe,
And William was foremost his courage to shew;
So with victory crown'd they return'd to the shore,
And William, dear William, shall leave me no more.

SONG.

S O N G.†

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER,

THO' late and early I do pad,
 A bawling 'sweep foot ho!"
 Yet still am I as blithe a lad
 As e'er you'd wish to know:
 And when the ladies fine I hear,
 Cry, 'take care of the sweep!"
 'Ladies,' says I, 'you need not fear,'
 But I'm for them too deep:
 For I gives 'em a smut
 Of my bag full of foot,
 They cry, 'curse you, mind how you go;"
 'Dear me, Ma'am,' says I,
 'I was just brushing by,'
 And I'm off with my 'sweep-foot-ho.'

And when disguis'd I meet the devil,
 I love to have some fun:
 A lawyer I mean—the greatest evil
 That thrives beneath the sun:
 For sure we both, beyond all doubt,
 Are to the devil a-kin;
 The difference is I'm black without,
 The lawyer black within:

I gives him a smut
 Of my bag full of foot ;
 He cries, ' D—mme, mind how you go :'
 'Sir,' says I ' pray,
 'Do keep out off the way,'
 And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho.

Your flashy folks drest fine and gay,
 As thro' the streets I go,
 All in an instant clear the way,
 At found of ' sweep-foot-ho :'
 And thus I gammons all the folks,
 I care not great or small;
 I laughs, I fings, I cracks my jokes,
 And something says to all :
 For I gives 'em a smut,
 Of my bag full of foot,
 They cry, ' prithee mind how you go :'
 'O dear, Sir,' says I,
 'I was just brushing by,'
 And I'm off with my ' sweep-foot-ho.'

S O N G.*

YOUNG PAT.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
 And sure ever since he has teaz'd me to death ;
 For so sweetly he fings, and makes love with such art,
 By the faith of St Patrick he's shot thro' my heart,
 With my gramachree Molly, och, what can I do.

He

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,
 He'll—Oh! to be sure—only make me his wife!
 Then so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
 That I long to be married—but won't tell him that.
 With his gramachree, &c.

Last Sunday, at church, he must fain tell the priest,
 In a week or two more we are wedded at least;
 And sure, since he said it, my conscience will say,
 If he don't lead me there, I will shew him the way.
 With his gramachree, &c.

S O N G . *

THE ROW.

TO be sure I don't love in my heart now,
 What some people call a good dust;
 And with life was I sure for to part now,
 As some time or other I must:
 When I see a lady in danger,
 I up to her march with a bow;
 And from her ne'er shrink, as a stranger,
 But instantly kick up a row:
 For I pelt away, whelt away, whack away,
 Lather away all that I can,
 Well pleas'd I'm to lose my life still,
 For woman, that blessing to man:
 Give me but a sprig of shilaly,
 And may be I'll not shew you how,
 Be a puppy's coat ever so mealy,
 To dust when I kick up a row.

One night as I walk'd down the Strand, I
 Saw ladies by ruffians abus'd,
 So, says I, to be sure I can't stand by,
 And see the sweet creature misus'd:
 So that which Ma'am Justice should settle,
 Had she been awake, you'll allow,
 I, being of true Irish mettle,
 Compounded, by making a row.
 For I pelt away, &c.

As for fighting, I don't say I love it,
 For sometimes it proves a bad job;
 And what, pray now, more would you have on't,
 I got a snug gash on my knob:
 But where I see ladies ill treating,
 My country I'll straight disavow,
 If I don't give the thieves such a bating,
 And always I'll keep up the row.
 For I'll pelt away, &c.

S O N G.*

TIGHT LADS OF THE OCEAN.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
 That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main;
 Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
 And where men lose their lives a sure fortune to gain:
 Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy,
 When the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest;
 Where you walk on your legs if you're not topsy
 turvey,
 And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never
 at rest:

Then

Then push round the cann, O you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and
wives;

Ah! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, tho' they're so wretched, lead such happy
lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle
That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's fong and fiddle,
So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears:

Then to see the tight lads how they laugh at a stranger,
Who fear billows can drown, and nine po nders
can kill:

You're safe, sure enough, were you not in such danger,
And might loll at your ease if you could but set
still.

Then push round the cann, &c.

What of perils that always the same are so various,
And thro' shot-holes and leaks, leave wide open
death's doors,

Devil a risk's in a battle, wer't not so precarious,
Storms were all gig and fun but for breakers and
shores:

In short, a tar's life, you may say that I told it,
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to
roam,

Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world next to staying at home.

S O N G. †

THE DEW LIGHTLY FELL.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE dew lightly fell on the sweet-briar thorn,
And shone in a clear lucid drop;
The hounds were uncoupled, and fresh bloom'd the
morn,

When, saddled, I mounted old Crop:
With spirits like fire, elated with joy,
We fally o'er hedge, ditch, and style.
To taste the sweet pleasures which never can cloy,
While health crowns the chace with a smile.

C H O R U S.

Hark away, then was cry'd, as we skim'd o'er the lawn
Where sweet echo replied to the notes of the horn.

Now Reynard we spy'd and redoubled our speed,
To shun us his art was in vain;
For our dogs were all staunch, and of the right breed,
Who nimbly flew over the plain:
To baffle his cunning, young Towler and Sly,
Two mettlesome hounds of the pack,
Stept forward, and soon panting Reynard got nigh,
Whose speed had began for to slack.
Hark away, &c.

O'ercome

O'ercome by their swiftneſs he yielded his breath,
 When I and Tom Ringwood fell in;
 While the huntsman's loud ſhouting proclaim'd his
 delay,

To join in in the muſical din:
 The chace being o'er we return'd full of glee,
 Freſh pleaſures awhile to partake;
 And thus we enjoy our lives jovial and free,
 'Till Aurora again bids us wake.
 Hark away, &c.

S O N G.*

THE CHACE IS DIVINE.

AS bright as the morning the ſons of the chace,
 As early as Sol in the morning we're riſing;
 Joy danc'd in each heart, and health bloom'd in each
 face,

Alike ev'ry fear and each danger deſpiſing:

Then hail to the morn,
 With hounds and with horn,

While pleaſure around does each proſpect adorn;
 Through woodlands and vallies with ſpeed they in-
 cline,

And the ſports of the chace each proclaims is divine.

Now rous'd from his den, see fly Reynard in view,
 And watchful he over the meadow is flying;
 As swiftly the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,
 Alike all his speed and his cunning defying:
 He now takes to the wood,
 Now passes the flood,
 Yet as eager the chace by the dogs is renew'd;
 Thro' woodland or valley with speed they inclin'd,
 While the sports of the chace each proclaims is divine.

 Tho' he brushes to cover, and hides for a while,
 Yet soon the staunch beagles will certainly find him,
 Such a pack all his cunning can never beguile,
 He quickly is trac'd by the scent left behind him:
 They seize on their prey,
 While the horns sound away,
 And pleasures reward the fatigue of the day;
 To sing o'er the bowl they all cheerful incline,
 That the joys of the sportsmen are nearly divine.

S O N G.†

THE SWELLING CANVAS.

THE swelling canvas caught the breeze,
 The ship flew through the sea,
 But nought, Louisa, could avail,
 To take my thoughts from thee:
 Ah! no—from love, my charming maid,
 I'd ev'ry pain endure:
 And you alone the wound have made,
 And you alone can cure.

When

When loud contending billows sweep,
 And silver'd waves arise,
 The ship now plunges in the deep,
 And now assails the skies:
 But greater are the storms by far,
 That in my bosom roll,
 Love's ev'ry conflict struggles there,
 And agitates my soul.

Thy form my mind, my passion holds,
 No one e'er lov'd more true;
 Though parted distant as the poles,
 My heart is still with you:
 In pity then return my love,
 Nor from my wishes fly;
 For if you smile twill heaven prove,
 But if you frown I die.

S O N G.

THE SLOW RISING MORN.

THE slow rising morn glads the top of the hills,
 And cheers by its rays the soft murmuring rills;
 The tinkling fold salutes the new day,
 And Phœbus delights by the beams of his ray:
 The cock's cheerful voice is the clarion of morn,
 And echo revibrates the huntsman's sweet horn;
 Hark! the lark—hark! the lark—hark! the lark, on the
 spray,
 Her sweet notes wake the sluggard, and welcomes the
 day.

The chimes of the village now waken the clown,
 The 'squire takes his rise from his soft bed of down;
 The hunters start up, each his whip gave a crack,
 Then saddle their horses, unkennel the pack:
 Their musical halloo, the hounds in full cry,
 We ferrit out puss, for the victim must die;
 While the thrush, on the bush, in concert unites,
 And adds to the pleasure that crowns our delights.

The fatigues of the day lead us home to the bowl,
 And festivity's board smokes for each jovial soul;
 The bottle we crack, the rich nectar we quaff,
 And mirth in his train brings the jest and the laugh,
 'Till Somnus spreads o'er us his mantle of peace,
 And the nightingale's notes bids our jolity cease—
 Hark how sweetly, how sweetly, her song cheers the
 night,
 And Luna delighted redoubles her light.

S O N G.†

THE LOYAL TAR.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

NO longer tempt me from my duty,
 My country calls me hence awhile;
 I prize, dear Nan, thy worth and beauty,
 But more I prize Britannia's smile:
 The haughty foe now braves our arms,
 And dares to insult us on the main;
 My heart, tho' panting for thy charms,
 Pants more to meet them once again:
 Can you for this your Jack reprove,
 His King he must prefer to love.

Nor

Nor sigh, my Nan, if now I leave,
 Thy peaceful breast to court the war;
 Should I not go you more would grieve,
 To see disgrac'd thy faithful tar!
 Then smile consent, thy sailor sues,
 The pang of parting 'twill allay;
 And ev'ry hour of bliss we lose,
 In years of transport I'll repay:
 No longer then your Jack reprove,
 His King he must prefer to love.

S O N G.

PATRICK O'NEAL.

YE sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land,
 Round your smoaking turf fires, and whiskey in
 hand,
 Drink kaid-milk, full rough, and ne'er think of the
 boys,
 Who are fighting your battles thro' tempest and noise,
 Attend to my ditty—'tis true, I declare,
 Such swimming and sinking would make you all stare;
 For storms, squibs, and crackers, have sing'd at my tail,
 Since the prefs-gang laid hold on poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas the first day of April, I sat off, like a fool,
 From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Tool,
 My mother's third cousin, who oft' had wrote down,
 And begg'd I'd come to see how he flourish'd in town:
 But I scarce had set foot in this terrible place,
 'Ere I met with a sharper who swore to my face;
 He beckon'd a prefs-gang that came without fail,
 And neck and heels dragg'd off poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a prize,
 (For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise)
 But a terrible blunder they made with their strife,
 For I'd ne'er seen a ship, or the sea, in my life;
 Away to a tender they bade me to steer,
 But of tenderness devil a morsel was there;
 O! roar'd and I curs'd, tho' it did not avail,
 They down in the cellar cram'd Patrick O'Neal.

We set off from Dublin the very next day,
 I was half-starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way;
 Not a mile-stone I saw, nor a house, nor a bed,
 'Twas all water and sky 'till we came to Spithead;
 Then they call'd up all hands — hands and feet soon
 obey'd,
 O wish'd myself home cutting turf with a spade;
 For the first thing I saw made my courage to fail,
 Was a great floating castle for Patrick O'Neal.

This huge wooden world roll' about on the tide,
 With a large row of teeth stuck fast in each side;
 They put out the boat, and they told me to keep
 Fast hold with my trotters for fear I should slip—
 I let go with my hands to stick fast by my toes,
 The ship gave a roll and away my head goes,
 I plung'd in the water and dash'd like a whale,
 'Till with boat-hooks they fish up poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Midst shouts, jests, and laughter they hoisted me in.
 To this huge wooden world full of riot and din;
 Such ropes and such pullies, such sighs met my eye,
 And so large were the sheets that they hung up to dry:

I thought it Noah's ark, stuff'd full of queer guests,
 Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts—
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,
 And they sung, curs'd, and laugh'd at poor Patrick
 O'Neal.

All confounded with bother I began to look queer,
 When the boatswain's shrill pipe made all hands to ap-
 pear,
 Up the ropes like to monkees they singing did swear,
 Then like gibbets and rope-dancers swung in the air :
 They clapt sticks in a capstain, (as I afterwards found)
 The chap sit and sit'd as they turned him round ;
 The ship run her anchor, spread her wings, and set
 sail,
 With a freight of live lumber, and Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I express'd a great wish,
 Where they live under water like so many fish ;
 I was put in a mess with some more of the crew,
 And, it being banyan-day, they gave me burgue :
 For a bed they'd a sack, hung as high as my chin,
 They call'd it a hammock, and bade me get in ;
 I lay hold, took a leap, but my footing being frail,
 It swang me clean over !—poor Patrick O'Neal.

With some help I got in, where I rocked all night,
 The day broke my rest in a terrible fright ;
 ' Up hammocks, down chests,' was cry'd from all parts,
 ' There's a French ship in fight !'—up and down went
 my heart !
 To a gun I was station'd, they cry'd with an oath,
 To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth :
 They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
 And the leading-strings gave to Patrick O'Neal.

Our thick window shutters we pull'd up with speed,
 And we run out our bull dogs of true English breed ;
 The Captain cry'd, ' England and Ireland, my boys,'
 When he mention'd old Ireland my heart made a noise!
 Our sweet little guns did the Frenchmen defy,
 We clapt fire on his back and bade him let fly ;
 His voice made me leay, tho' I'd hold by his tail,
 The beast then flew back and threw Patrick O'Neal.

Then we lather'd away, by my foul, hob and nob,
 'Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a bad
 job ;

Then to tie him behind a long cord they did bring,
 And we led him along, like a pig in a string!
 So home to Old England we led the French boy,
 O the sight of the land made me sea-sick with joy ;
 They made a new peace when the war was too stale,
 And set all hands adrift, and poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now safe on dry land a carousing I'll steer,
 Nor cat-head, nor cat-block, nor boatswain's cat fear ;
 While there's shot in the locker I'll sing, and be bound,
 That Saturday night shall last all the year round :
 But should peace grow too sleep, and war come again,
 By the piper of Leinster I'd venture again—
 Returning I'll bring you, good folks, a fresh tale,
 That you'll cry 'till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

 SONG.

S O N G.

AUTUMN'S PLENTIOUS CROPS APPEAR.

AUTUMN's plenteous crops appear,
(Glorious season of the year)
See the happy nymphs and swains,
(Source of all the past'ral strains)
O'er their arms are fickle hung,
And the rustic ballad sung,
As they trip across the plains;
Happy nymphs and happy swains.

Yellow stems bow down their heads,
Homage to the rural maids;
Jocund whilst at work they're found,
And the village news goes round:
Each swain near the lass he loves,
And the day in friendship moves;
To the joys of harvest field,
Ev'ry pleasure else must yield.

See then, now, with stomachs good,
Round a dish of solid food;
Sitting in a shady seat,
Shelter'd from meridian heat:
And by harmless chat and jokes,
Shew how blest are country folks,
Happy, happy, happy they,
Chearful pass the time away.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE COMPLAINT.

CEASE, cease, ye birds of the grove,
 Your melody pleases no more;
 It serves but to waken my love,
 And think on the maid I adore:
 Since together we fondly have stray'd,
 To hear the wild notes of your song,
 When my fair-one was charm'd with the shade,
 And wish'd ev'ry note to prolong.

View the sweet of yon flow'rets that blows,
 Surcharg'd with the dew of the morn;
 Yet you'll find that there is not a rose,
 Without its attendant the thorn:
 So Chloe is blooming and fair
 As the rose bending soft with the dew;
 But, O ye fond shepherds beware,
 Though blooming, yet Chloe's untrue.

Ye swains of the village beware
 How you tread in the mazes of love!
 'Tis a path that's bewilder'd with care,
 And the more so the farther you rove!
 Suppose that your charmer's sincere,
 That you read the fond wish in her eyes;
 Yet still you have reason to fear,
 And forego the pursuit if you're wise.

How

How tuneful was Corydon's reed,
 When his love deign'd to listen the while;
 When a look of regard was his meed,
 And each note was return'd with a smile:
 Yet no more shall it breathe the gay strain,
 No more with the nightingale vie;
 I'll teach it the way to complain,
 And mourn the sweet nymph with a sigh.

What beauties remain in my cot,
 Or the vine that o'er shadows the door;
 Since I and its shade are forgot,
 Since Chloe is constant no more?
 Each linnet shall droop with its wing,
 For my love was the theme of its lay;
 The goldfinch no longer shall sing,
 For no longer is Corydon gay.

S O N G.

ARISE, MY FAIR.

ARISE, my fair, the morn invites,
 With songs of birds on ev'ry bough;
 Each field with verdant sweet delights,
 And all Aurora's beauties glow:
 We lose the prime, with joy to heed
 Our tended plants, how buds the grove;
 What drops the myrrh and balmy reed,
 How nature paints her gay alcove.

The

The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Fresh op'ning now your sense shall greet;
 The bee now sits upon the bloom,
 With care extracting liquid sweet:
 The zephyr, with his balmy breath,
 Awakes the gardens choicest stores;
 And o'er each mead and purple heath,
 Has Flora scatter'd earliest flow'rs.

The wintry storms are all o'erpast,
 And spring resumes her genial reign;
 To woods in pairs the turtles haste,
 And sweetly tell the pleasing pain:
 Like them together let us rove,
 'Midst scenes of love and nature stray
 'Tis thou alone can'st give me joy,
 Arise, my fair, and come away.

S O N G.†

AS PENDANT O'ER THE LIMPID STRE

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream,
 I bow my snowy pride,
 And languish in a fruitless flame,
 For what the fates deny'd:
 The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
 With such an angel air;
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye

Ye fates no longer let me pine,
 A self admiring sweet;
 Permit me by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair one's feet:
 That if by chance the gentle maid,
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may, upon her bosom laid,
 In softer sweets expire.

S O N G. †

WHEN NIGHTS WERE COLD.

WHEN nights were cold, and rain, and fleet,
 Full hard against the window beat;
 Then many a long and weary mile,
 My lover travel'd to behold me,
 His toil repaid to see me smile,
 And sweetly in his arms enfold me;
 And thro' the night we sit and chat,
 Alas! there was no harm in that.

How sweet his words whene'er he spoke,
 But, Oh! when he his passion broke,
 Upon his lips the faltering tale
 More grace receiv'd from his confusion,
 And now by turns his cheek look'd pale,
 Or crimson'd o'er with mild suffusion,
 Our beating hearts went pit a pat;
 Alas! there was no harm in that.

Another now the bliss must prove;
 Tho' we so oft' have sworn to love;
 Oh! cruelty my heart will break,
 I'll hie me to some shade forsaken;
 And only of my love I'll speak,
 And prove my truth and faith unshaken;
 I'll wander where we oft' have sat,
 Sure there will be no harm in that.

S O N G †.

WHEN ISICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WHEN ifickles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood be nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl;
 Tu-whit, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

TO THE MAID I LOVE BEST.

Sung by Master Welsh.

CUPID, lovely charming boy,
Gentle god befriend my pray'r,
Turn my bosom's grief to joy,
Love alone should triumph there:
Since thy vot'ry sworn am I,
Grant a lover one request;
Bear a tear and bear a sigh,
To the maid that I love best.

Softly whisper in her ear,
How for her alone I burn;
Tell her, by that sigh and tear,
Love like mine should meet return:
Then, to certify my blifs,
Then to make me truly blest,
Bring me back a tender kiss,
From the maid that I love best.

Venus then shall thee repay,
With a thousand kisses sweet,
Then my sonnets night and day,
Shall thy victory repeat:
Haste, then, haste, on wings of speed,
Haste and calm my ruffled breast;
Bear the charge to thee decreed,
To the maid that I love best.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FEMALE CRYER.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

I'VE lost my heart, I've lost my heart,
Pray tell me if you've found it;
'Tis free from scorn, from pride, or art,
Has Damon's name around it.

No heart so constant, soft, and true,
'Till from this breast last night it flew,
When Damon danc'd upon the green,
The sweetest swain that e'er was seen:
Such charms alone my heart could move,
'Tis constant as the turtle dove.

O bring me back my heart again,
Or bring me Damon's in return;
Attend my call, my cry regard,
And beauty's smile be your reward.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O YOU whose lives on land are pass'd,
And keep from dang'rous seas aloof,
Who, careless listen to the blast,
Or beating rains upon the roof:
You little heed how seamen fare,
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck;
And now, lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck:
Yet while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean only is his home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale,
All hands reef topails, are the cries;
And while the clouds the heavens veil,
Aloft to reef the sail he flies:
In storms so rending doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the seaman's home.

S O N G.*

SWEET ROSE OF BURFORD VALE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MY Rose is sure the sweetest lass,
That ever danc'd on mead or green,
In native charms she does surpass
The goddess fair, styl'd beauty's queen:
The swains, for many a hamlet round,
Make her the subject of their tale;
And ev'ry lute that's heard to sound,
Breathes lovely Rose of Burford Vale.

Sure from that flow'r she takes her name,
That far surpasses all the rest;
In fragrance too her breath's the same,
But O what sweets compose her breast!
No flow'r was ever yet so fair,
That sportive blis'd the wanton gale;
Sure ev'ry charm is center'd there
Sweet lovely Rose of Burford Vale.

Let me this flow'r place near my heart,
I've lov'd it long, nor aught beside,
There it shall lie secure from art
And o'er each secret with preside:
I'll make its care my chief delight,
And morn and eve kind fortune hail,
If thoult, my fair, with me unite,
Sweet lovely Rose of Burford Vale.

S O N G.*

RETURNING SPRING.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RETURNING spring resumes the groves,
To animate the year;
The linnet tunes its song of love,
Delightful to the year:
I'll try my best, like birds in spring,
And raise my humble song,
While here Apollo strikes the string,
To charm the list'ning throng.

Sometimes I'll be of Dian's train,
To join the hounds and horn;
While echo answer'd o'er the plain,
To hail the rising morn:
Sometimes with Flora I'll be gay,
And blithsome trip along,
And gather sweets of blooming May,
To please the passing throng.

For all my happiness, I own,
Is to give pure delight:
And your applause will surely crown,
My wishes ev'ry night:
Each varied part my simple voice,
Shall try, in ev'ry song,
To make you happy—and rejoice,
To please the list'ning throng.

S O N G. *

PRIMROSES.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN spring returning decks the groves
In glittering array,
And birds elated chaunt their loves,
While mounted on the spray ;
Then to the fields with eager haste,
To cull the flow'rs I hie,
And, with my basket to my waist,
Thro' lanes and streets I cry,
Two bunches a penny Primroses,
Two bunches a penny.

And oft', as thro' the streets I walk,
In hopes to sell my ware,
The powder'd beaus will deign to talk,
And try me to ensnare :
But, true to love, my thoughts are plac'd,
And from such offers fly,
So with my basket to my waist
I trudge along and cry
Two bunches a penny Primroses,
Two bunches a penny.

What tho' no plumes adorn my head,
Nor fattins train behind,
I still have charms to please my Ned,
And he hits well my mind :

And

And soon to church with him I'll haste,
 The gordian knot to tie—
 No more with basket to my waist
 Thro' lanes or streets I'll cry,
 Two bunches a penny Primroses,
 Two bunches a penny.

S O N G.*

WHILE THE MORN IS INVITING TO LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

THE sun, when arising, bespangles the dew,
 And tints with his glory the skies;
 All nature's in motion, how charming the view,
 When day is beginning to rise!
 The morning is lovely, Maria awake,
 Let us haste to the myrtle alcove;
 Or stray by the side of the chrystaline lake,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy mind turn on me in thy dreams in the night,
 Did I e'er to thy fancy appear?
 Did no fond idea thy bosom delight,
 Maria, unfold to my ear?
 Unseen and unheard you may tell it me now,
 Not a witness is near but the dove,
 Which mourns for its mate in the olive tree bough,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

The winter, Maria, will come on apace,
 As summer begins to depart,
 Come then, in my bosom a confidence place,
 And speak the fond wish of my heart:
 O let us, my fair, be united to-day,
 And haste to the church in the grove,
 Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

S O N G.*

MA BELLE COQUET.

Sung by Mr. Clifford.

MA Belle Coquette, ah! why disdain,
 To hear my faithful sighs?
 With cold neglect why cease to pain,
 The heart that for thee dies?
 Those eyes where all the graces play,
 Where all the loves are met,
 In pity cease to turn away
 From me, Ma Belle Coquette.

Tho' foplings flutter round thee, love,
 To share thy envied smiles;
 Their empty vows be far above,
 And spurn their specious wiles:

To

To virtue train'd, ah! let thy heart
 Delusive joys forget,
 And real raptures deign t' impart,
 To me, Ma Belle Coquette.

The beauteous form, th' expansive mind,
 In thee their influence blend,
 And to the lover's ardour bind
 Th' affection of the friend:
 My cause may love and friendship plead,
 And, fate propitious, let
 Thy heart bestow its gen'rous meed
 On me, Ma Belle Coquette.

Those pleasures which from folly flow,
 With indignation leave,
 And teach thy youthful heart to know
 They please but to deceive:
 Then blest, sweet maid, these faithful arms,
 And fashion's lures forget,
 T' enjoy retirement's mental charms,
 With me, Ma Belle Coquette.

S O N G.*

THE CANN OF FRIP.

TO distant shores the breezy wind,
 The jolly tar from home conveys;
 No anxious thoughts annoy his mind,
 Whilst whistling he the sheet belays:

The storms around him loudly roar,
 And from his jacket brine shall drip;
 Unmov'd he hears the tempest roar,
 And takes his can of gen'rous flip.

No silly cares can him oppress,
 If tight his ship, and sea-room clear;
 Nor on his heart can aught impress,
 The distant thought of coward fear:
 Tho' storms around him loudly roar,
 And from his jacket brine shall drip,
 Unmov'd he hears the tempest roar,
 And takes his can of gen'rous flip.

Yet when he views his native land,
 His swelling heart with ardour glows;
 And as he leaps upon the strand,
 'Tis thus his tongue with rapture flows:
 Nor storms nor tempests here assail,
 Nor brine shall from my jacket drip,
 Here love alone shall blow the gale,
 And we drink canns of gen'rous flip.

S O N G.†

THE WAVING WILLOW.

'TWAS at the hour of day's decline,
 When to the neighb'ring hills I went,
 To tie up many a drooping vine,
 By weight of purple clusters bent—

That

That done, beneath a willow shade,
Which o'er Boeva's river play'd,
I sat and sung to the waving willow.

While there I mus'd and watch'd the stream,
A boat approach'd with lazy oar,
Of love—ah! little did I dream,
'Till roguish Casper sprung on shore:
A thousand vows he made me hear,
And I believ'd them all sincere,
While resting near the waving willow.

From that time, till I gave my hand,
He ne'er would be at rest;
At mafs he near me us'd to stand,
With me to dance he always prest:
And let me hope he'll mend at last,
Nor force me to regret what pass'd,
While resting near a waving willow.

S O N G.*

COLIN AND MOGGY.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

M^Y Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp, and pride, and noise;
With eager haste he hies him down,
To taste of rural joys:

Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,
 My heart is glad with glee,
 I never knew such true delight,
 As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,
 And range the meadows wide !
 Nor yet less sweet the moonlight grove,
 All by the river's side ;
 The gaudy seasons pass away
 How swift when Colin's by !
 How swiftly glide the flowery May,
 How fast the summers fly.

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
 An humble crook he bears ;
 He tends the flock like other swains,
 A shepherd quite appears :
 All in the verdant month of May,
 The rake is all his pride ;
 He helps to make the new mown hay,
 With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,
 His sickle he prepares,
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,
 All pleas'd with rural cares :
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
 When all the toil is o'er,
 With him I tript it on the ground,
 With bonny swains a score.

When

When winter's gloomy night's prevail,
 If Colin is but there,
 His jovial laugh, and merry tale,
 To me is muckle cheer:
 The folk that choose in town to dwell,
 Are from my envy free,
 For Moggy loves the plains so well,
 And Colin's all to me.

S O N G.

WHEN SLEEP HAS CLOS'D.

Sung by Mr. Kelly, in Mahmoud.

WHEN sleep has clos'd the trav'ler's eyes,
 By long fatigue oppress'd,
 While slumb'ring soft, serene he lies,
 And sinks in downy rest,
 By the glimpses of the moon,
 Springs the Arab on his prey;
 Or beneath the scorching noon,
 Bears the loaded wealth away.

But tho' in hours of sweet repose,
 His spoil the rover seek,
 Yet oft' concern for human woes
 Impearls his glowing cheek:
 When the captive fair one pleads,
 Beauty, born to be ador'd,
 While resistance round him bleeds,
 Beauty triumphs o'er his sword.

S O N G

AND NONE OUR STEPS ESPY.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

WHEN jealous miser's starve in wealth;
And bar th' unfriendly door,
With secret step and nightly stealth,
We free their useless store:
Then nimby cross the mountain's brow,
Some fortune new to try,
While sleep enfolds the vale below,
And none our steps espy.

The rich may steal with bolder face,
And where they rob, may stay;
With modest fear our thefts we grace,
And shun the face of day:
When morn peeps in her twilight grey,
And lights up half the sky,
O'er dew-drops swift we hie away,
And none our steps espy.

SONG.

S O N G.

THO' PLEASURE SWELL.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

THO' pleasure swell the jovial cry,
Amid the chace resounding,
While light, with airy step we fly,
O'er hill, o'er valley bounding;
Pleas'd I forego delights so sweet,
A parent's dearer smiles to meet.]

S O N G.

TOLL, TOLL THE KNELL.

Sung by Sig. Storace.

TOLL, toll the knell,
Ding, ding, dong, bell,
Joy is flown away,
From thee poor Zelica!
Poor Zelica!
Light of cheerful day
Never shall I see,
Never more be free!
Toll, toll the knell,
Poor Zelica.

Thus

Thus, her freedom gone,
See the linnet moan,
 Oft', with plaintive cry,
 For pity calling;
 Strive oft' to fly,
Thus with fruitless rage,
Beat around her cage,
 Flutt'ring, falling:
Toll, toll the knell, &c.

T R I O,

THE WAND'RING ARABS.

Sung by Mess. Kelly Sedgwick and Dignum.

WE, who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care;
Let the notes of love resound,
And the ruby cup go round,
While the gale its fragrance brings,
And the summer flowret springs:

C H O R U S.

We who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.

Who can tell to-morrow's doom?
If the rose of life shall bloom?
Or, beneath the blighting shade,
Droop untimely, pine and fade:
We, who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.
We, who wand'ring, &c.

SONG.

D U E T,

Sung by Sig. Storace and Mrs. Bland.

OBSERVE how enchanting, what airs and grimaces
While mincing her paces she trips on her way!
Observe how alarming! how hopeless the case is!

She thinks that new faces are sure of the day:
That cough so engaging, each moment replying, eh, heh
Still fainting and dying, Oh! dear, well-a-day,
Ah! vain silly creature, my mirth you excite,
A person so charming must always delight.

S O N G.

FROM SHADES OF NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

FROM shades of night does morning break,
Or is't my love I see?
In bow'rs of promis'd bliss I wake,
To life and thee.

Far hence in joyless realm shall pine,
The heart that love disdains,
Here blooming wreaths shall Houris twine,
And heav'n reward my pains
With joys for ever mine,
With love and thee.

To

To thee, my fair, while life shall last,
My soul shall constant be,
And, when the fleeting scene is past,
Still dwell with thee.
Far hence, &c.

S O N G.

DOWN IN THE VALE WHERE VIOLETS GROW.

Sung by Sig. Storace.

DON'T you remember a poor carpet-weaver,
Whose daughter lov'd a youth so true?
He promis'd one day he never would leave her,
Ah! down in the vale where violets grew:
He flatter'd and vow'd, while she sat beside him,
Soft tales telling of loves long ago,
He vow'd to her — but can you tell, if she her love de-
nied him,
Down in the vale, where violets grow.

Never, he told her, he would be a rover,
She fondly thought he told her true—
But how shall the maid his truth discover,
Ah! will he plight his vows anew?
If never, never her voice deceiv'd him,
Now, while telling of loves long ago,
Can he forget the girl who believ'd him,
Down in the vale where violets grow.

SONG.

S O N G.

OH! HAPLESS YOUTH.

Sung by Miss Miller.

O H! hapless youth, to grandeur born,
To share its dangers, feel its woes;
Denied, in deserts thus forlorn,
The fleeting charm that grandeur knows.

How blest to be a shepherd born,
To taste the sweets content bestows;
Nor anxious fear a lurking thorn,
Where nature spreads the fragrant rose.

S O N G.

TYRANT LOVE.

Sung Miss Miller.

W HEN with wishes soft and tender
Love has once the heart impress'd,
Forc'd thy freedom to surrender,
Hope no more, fond heart, to rest!
Never more to taste of pleasure,
Is the tyrant's stern decree;
Yet to deem each sigh a treasure,
Dearer far than liberty.

SONG.

S O N G.†

ELLEN.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

NEAR bow'ry Richmond, Thames's pride,
Dwelt Ellen when her father dy'd ;
One snowy night he lost his way,
And never more beheld the day :
Two infant boys around her mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,
The flow'rets wild before her grew ;
Those gifts by bounteous nature spread,
She gather'd to procure them bread :
And thro' the hollow sounding streets,
By few reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning she repeats,
Primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,
With anxious step from door to door ;
And oft' I've turn'd aside to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor :
'Ere early light adorns the sky,
She roves the heath and valley fenny,
And tow'rs proud London hastes to cry,
Primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny.

SONG.

S O N G.†

THE TIMID HARE.

A favorite Hunting Song.

WHEN morn 'twixt mountain and the sky
On tip-toe stands, how sweet to hear
The hounds melodious cheerful cry,
As starts the game, possess'd with fear:
O'er brook and brake
Our course we take,
The sportsman knows no grief or care;
When sweet the horn,
Across the lawn
Awakes the trembling timid hare.

Who panting flies, like freed from pain,
As trembling she resigns her breath,
The sportsman joyous leaves the plain,
Well pleas'd to be in at the death:
Then sweet the horn
Across the lawn,
Re ecoes blithe both far and near;
O'er meads and downs
We know no bounds,
While coursing of the timid hare.

Then say what pleasure can inspire
To that of courling? Sweet employ!
Except when homewards we retire,
Our botties and our friend enjoy:

The

The brook and brake
 We then forsake,
For sportsmen know no grief or care;
 Then sweet the horn,
 Across the lawn,
Awakes the trembling timid hare.

S O N G. †

ONE NIGHT GAY BACCHUS.

Dedicated to the Members of the Convivial Board.

ONE night gay Bacchus at a banquet,
 Joyous as a god could be,
Pour'd forth nectar, and he drank it,
 Nectar fill'd his heart with glee:
The cup went round his godship reel'd,
 'Tipfy we shall be,' he roar'd,
Momus, who mirth's keen shaft can wield,
 Shall sit at our convivial board.

His phiz replete with signs of jesting,
 So n the merry wag was found,
Like fat Aldermen when feasting,
 'Mongst these gods the laugh went round;
While Momus straight did joke prepare,
 Bacchus flowing goblets pour'd;
But yet in spite dull father care
 Still sit at our convivial board.

Apollo

Apollo came with lyre resounding,
 Soon the touch thrill'd every heart,
 Music, mirth, and wine abounding,
 Made the churlish cur depart :
 Determin'd on an ev'ning's sport,
 Each produc'd his fav'rite hoard ;
 To their example we'll resort,
 And furnish our convivial board.

But Care return'd and 'gan to hector,
 Bacchus seiz'd the intruding elf,
 Momus drench'd him well with nectar,
 'Till he quite forgot himself:
 Apollo sung, Care's nod approv'd,
 Toasts he drank, nor once demur'd ;
 Thus taught to smile, his frown remov'd,
 He's fit for our convivial board.

S O N G. ‡

I'VE SAIL'D THE WORLD AROUND.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

I'VE sail'd round the world view'd all nations and
 climes,
 Ev'ry point of the compass have box'd,
 Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst
 of times,
 And now and then a pretty girl have coax'd:

But

But Old England for my money, and a British lass
in tow,

Bless their hearts why I never never snub 'em;
As for this or that there enemy, where ever bred the
foe,

We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.
Then with flip, the fiddles, Pell, piping tol de rol de
rol,

We'll laugh and quaff it merrily, yo hoe.

They call us careless ninnies—well let 'em, and what
then?

Why the rhino we works hard for you know;
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but to boys like men,

With a messmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or so:

But Old England for my money, and a British lass in
tow,

Bless their hearts why I never never snub 'em,
As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred the
foe,

We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.

S O N G.‡

THE GREYHOUND.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE dew lightly fell on the sweetbriar thorn,
Aurora pr claim'd it was day;
Shrill echo repeated the sound of the horn,
Which zephyr bore softly away:

The

The dogs were uncoupled, the chace none did lack,
 When Towler, a staunch mettled hound,
 That once was the boast of the loud op'ning pack,
 Crawl'd forth to the musical sound.

For years he unrival'd was held far and near,
 As staunch as e'er follow'd the chace;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and stile, would skim light as air,
 'Till age made him slacken his pace:
 Turn'd out of the pack, yet unwilling to yield,
 The remains of a mettlesome hound,
 At the huntsman's loud shout, would hie to the field,
 And yelp to the musical sound.

'Twas once when with hunting, our speed 'gan to lag,
 And sportsmen with dogs were behind,
 That Towler like lightning flew after the stag,
 And made him his prey, fleet as wind:
 But now blind and feeble, of vigour bereft,
 Scarce able to stray o'er the ground,
 No token remaining of former strength left,
 To follow the musical sound.

Dispensing at last to poverty's food,
 He dropp'd with old age lean and poor,
 While huntsmen recount his worth, once so good,
 And many a virtue tell o'er;
 No more the gay chace he awakes in the morn,
 For, stretching himself on the ground,
 His ears faintly heard the echoing horn,
 And dy'd to the musical sound.

SONG.

S O N G ‡

THE GEN'ROUS HEART WHERE FRIENDSHIP DWELLS,

THE gen'rous heart where friendship dwells,
 Starts at a thought that would offend;
 But with a quick sensation feels
 A slight when offer'd by a friend:
 Friendship come, my sorrows end,
 Ev'ry blessing
 Worth possessing,
 In thee is found, Oh! soothing friend.

But, Oh! how soon the happy pair,
 Their kindred souls re-unite:
 When friendship sooths each doubtful care;
 And dark distrust is put to flight:
 Friendship come, my sorrows end,
 Ev'ry blessing
 Worth possessing
 In thee is found, Oh! soothing friend.

Hence ye vain delusive pleasures,
 Fancy's prize no real gain;
 Friendship is a mine whose treasures
 When they're found reward our pain:
 Friendship come, my sorrows end,
 Ev'ry blessing
 Worth possessing
 In thee is found, Oh! soothing friend.

SONG:

S O N G.

THE CHICKEN.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

ZOOKS! that an old man can't keep a chicken,
A snug tit bit for his own private picking,
And means of redress no statute allows:
But a rake, like a fly beast of prey, will be watching,
New mitchiefs inventing, new artifice hatching.
Of his white legged dainty the owner to chouse:
Are there no means in his art to out-trick him,
Traps and guns shall be planted to nick him,
On every floor and each stair of my house.

S O N G.

AT RUDDY EVE.

AT ruddy eve, and rosy dawn,
I rov'd the fields at leisure,
I danc'd at freedom on the lawn,
And took my fill of pleasure;
I rambled through the bushy wood,
Where rills were gently flowing;
Admir'd the rose within the bud,
And violets sweetly blowing.

K

How

How sweet to see, along the meads,
 The lads and lasses playing;
 When spring entic'd them from their beds,
 And call'd them forth a maying:
 Some new vagary and delight,
 With ev'ry day returning;
 And mirth and pastime clos'd the night,
 And welcom'd in the morning.

S O N G.

THE REQUEST.

SWEET peace, restore my wonted rest,
 No longer let me prove
 The pangs that rend the hapless breast,
 Of unrequited love:
 By thee protected, let me lie,
 And shun the scorn of beauty's eye.

But should, ye pow'rs, the sweet, sweet maid,
 My pains with pity view;
 And though my sighs too weakly plead,
 Lament a swain so true:
 Far greater torments bid me prove,
 I'll die adoring, die for love.

S O N G.

THE TENDER VOW.

HOW sweetly fits the simplest phrase,
Unfeigned passion to discover !
Too weak, alas ! my fondest lays,
To shew how well, how true I love her ;
As soon could I the glitt'ring stars,
That midnight's fable bosom cover,
In order number, as declare,
How well, how true, how dear I love her.

Professions trick'd in language high,
The force of eloquence discover ;
But nature's accents best imply,
The meaning of a faithful lover.
As soon could I, &c.

Fierce vows, too often sprung from art,
Unfair designs may serve to cover,
But deeds of kindness speak the heart,
And they shall shew how well I love her.
As soon could I, &c.

S O N G.

DOOM'D ALONE TO PINE AND LANGUISH.

LOVERS, when they meet return,
Soft return to am'rous wishes,
Feel no more their bosoms burn,
But dissolve in melting blisses:
But debarr'd the fair-one's sight,
All is torment, all is anguish;
Far they stray from cheering light,
Doom'd alone to pine and languish.

Yet, before I bid adieu,
O forgive each rude vexation,
Which from fond endeavour grew,
To reveal a faithful passion:
Thus debarr'd my fair-one's sight,
Left alone to pine and languish;
Robb'd of thee, my star of light,
All is darkness, all is anguish.

D U E T,

Sung in Harvest Home.

SWEET, O sweet, the breeze of morning,
Passing o'er the new blown rose;
Where verdant bow'rs the meads adorning,
Court rustic lovers to repose.

The

The gay domain of gentle Flora,
 And all delights it can impart,
 Have not a sweet like my Cleora,
 Dearest flower of my heart.

Sweet, O sweet, the humming liquor,
 Mantling in the chrystal glass,
 In which, with rosy gills, the vicar,
 Chuckling, toasts his fav'rite lass.

Venus was a buxom huffey,
 As Vulcan, Mars, and Jove, can tell;
 And yet, why may not goody Muzzy,
 When one's sharp set, do full as well.

Pity from her I love invoking,
 To plead my wishes do not fail—
 See, with love and thirst I'm choaking;
 Smile and hug his mug of ale.

Thus while I'm to your heart appealing,
 Do not my tender suit deny;
 Goody, I am tir'd with kneeling,
 Therefore, prithee now comply.

S O N G.

THOUGH I AM HUMBLE.

THOUGH I am humble, mean, and poor,
 Yet, faith am I discerning;
 And one may see the sunshine, sure,
 Without the help of larning!

This little maxim for my sake,
 I pray you be believing,
 The truest pleasures that we take,
 Are those that we are giving.

Is there a wretch, with all his pelf,
 So poor as a rich miser?
 Sure, does not he defraud himself?
 No maxim can be wiser:
 He who is fair for his own sake,
 Faith, is himself deceiving;
 The truest pleasures that we take
 Are those that we are giving.

S O N G.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me:
 Soen as the ruddy morn display'd,
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting,
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 'Till night spread her black curtain:

I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me,
 In rapture I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps to cover;
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



(200)

S O N G.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

UP amang yon clifly rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes:
Hark! she sings, young Sandy's kind,
An he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
Here's a broch I ne'er shall tin'd
'Till he's fairly marry'd to me:
Drive away, ye drone, time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain fae fastly sweet,
Lammies, list'ning, dare na bleat:
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading thro' the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock together,
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the weakest norlin blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing,
Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring:

Wightly

Wightly can he wield a rung,
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the langest winded sangster,
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 Come short, tho' they were e'er so lang.

S O N G.

HIGHLAND MARCH.

IN the garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we
 come;
 On those mountains the Romans attempted to reign,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain:
 Tho' no city nor court of our garment approve,
 'Twas presented by Mars at a senate of Jove;
 And, when Pallas observ'd at a ball 'twould look odd,
 Mars receiv'd from his Venus a smile and a nod.

No intemperate tables our sinews unbrace,
 Nor french faith, nor french foppery our country dis-
 grace:
 Still the hoarse sounding pipe breathes the true mar-
 tial strain,
 And our hearts still the true scottish valour retain:

'Twas with anguish and woe that of late we beheld
 Rebel forces rush down from the hills to the field;
 For our hearts are devoted to George and the laws,
 And we'll fight like true Britons in liberty's cause.

But still, at a distance from Britain's lov'd shore,
 May her foes, in confusion, her mercy implore;
 May her coast ne'er with foreign invasion be spread,
 Nor detested rebellion again raise its head:
 May the fury of party and faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
 And in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
 prove kind.

S O N G. †

HEY HO CHIVEY, HARK FORWARD, TANTIVY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

BRIGHT chanticler proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn,
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn:
 Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,
 Arise, the burthen of their song,
 This day a stag must die:

With

With a hey ho chivey,
 Hark forward, tantivy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
 Tantivy, hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
 Arise, the burthen of their song,
 This day a stag must die,
 This day a stag must die,
 This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, thro' brakes we fly,
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chivey, &c.

Poor stag the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face;
 The huntsman's pleasures are no more,
 His joys were in the chace:
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,
 The virgin game in view,,
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.
 With a hey ho chivey, &c.

S O N G.

ON EV'RY TREE.

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain;
A sickly langour veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring,
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field.

My friends that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh,
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere?

But 'ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains, my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the pray'r.

SONG.

S O N G.

YE GENTLE NYMPHS.

Y^E gentle nymphs and gen'rous dames,
That rule o'er ev'ry British mind,
Be sure ye sooth their am'rous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremiting sighs away,
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly blest the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free born swain,
A British youth should vainly moan,
Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FATAL HOURS.

THE fatal hours are wond'rous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n, in vain,
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love,
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the live long day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride,
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more the school boy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace.

She

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaus
 In radiant bands my fair enclose?
 Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
 Oh! Delia, better far unseen,

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
 By all my sighs, by all my tears,
 I might from torture now be free—
 'Tis more than death to part from thee.

S O N G.

THE YOUNG NUN.

YES, these are the scenes, where, with Iris I stray'd,
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
 Ill grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love.

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains,
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;
 How many soft moments I spend in this grove,
 How fair was my nymph, and how fervent my love!
 Be still tho' my heart, thine emotion give o'er,
 Remember the season of love is no more.

With

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
 Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd
 But be still, my fond heart, this emotion give o'er,
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

S O N G.

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
 'Tis all because she would not lose
 Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
 The stream reflects each flow'ry spray,
 And, frugal of her time, she flies
 To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
 Warm in some rocky cell remain;
 To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
 Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,
 Deform my limpid waves to-day,
 For I have chose a fairer hour,
 To take my fill of love and play.

You,

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own,
 Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
 And when our youth or health is flown,
 To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
 As thou art Damon's only theme,
 He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
 As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

S O N G.

ECHO AND HORN.

HARK, hark from the woodlands, the loud swelling
 horn,
 Invites to the sports of the chace,
 How ruddy, how bright, and how cheerful the morn,
 How healthy and blooming each face:
 To the grove with Diana I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn,
 The hounds are all out, hark, hark forward, away,
 While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health still attends thro' the sports of the field,
 O'er mountain and valley we go;
 The joy of the chace health and pleasure can yield,
 No wishes beyond it we know:
 To the grove, &c.

Our

Our innocent pastimes each virgin may share,
 And the censure of envy defy,
 While Cupid, soon follow'd by grief and despair,
 The blessing of youth would destroy.

S O N G.†

FAIR KATE OF WEYMOUTH.

FAIR Kate of Weymouth lov'd a tar,
 Ben Surf, as kind a soul
 As ever brav'd the hottest war,
 Or slung the flowing bowl:
 Yet oft' he'd heave a sigh, since fate,
 Had borne him far from lovely Kate.

For Ben in vain had often strove,
 (Would parents but agree)
 To wed fair Kate, his only love,
 'Ere that he went to sea:
 But, ah! in vain, fond hope was o'er,
 He sigh'd, then left his native shore.

One night, as the mid-watch he kept,
 A loose to love he gave;
 For while his shipmates careless slept,
 Plung'd in a wat'ry grave;
 The conflict's o'er, sweet Kate, he cry'd,
 Then sunk in peace, alas! and dy'd.

Thus

Thus hope is like the summer gale,
 That's transient as the wind,
 Which reefs too soon sweet pleasure's sail,
 'Ere the wish'd port it finds;
 The tidings to fair Kate was brought,
 Whose bosom was with anguish fraught.

And is my love no more, she cry'd,
 Then peace adieu, farewell;
 This heart to his was e'er allied,
 And still it shall be true;
 I feel my spirit wing its flight,
 She spoke, and sunk in endless night.

S O N G.†

THE EVE HER SILVER VESTMENT WORE.

THE eve her silver vestment wore.
 And clos'd the sultry day,
 The cottagers their toil gave o'er,
 And homeward bent their way;
 Save one poor maid, who, all forlorn,
 The tear of sorrow shed,
 Meek as the primrose 'neath the thorn,
 That rears its modest head.

'Twas lovely Marian that sigh'd,
 And mourn'd her sorrows free;
 Since fate young Sandy's love deny'd,
 And sent him far to sea:

Wide

Wide o'er the billows doom'd to roam,
 He fled her longing arms,
 And left his friends and native home,
 To brave rude war's alarms.

Now three long months were gone and o'er,
 When, ah! one fatal day,
 As musing at her cottage door,
 A sailor bent his way:
 'Twas Sandy's friend, who fought the fair,
 Sad tidings to relate;
 For grief of heart, join'd with despair,
 Had clos'd his hapless fate.

Yet, 'ere he dy'd her bliss he plann'd,
 For all his little wealth;
 He fondly left, with lavish hand,
 To Marian herself:
 But what avail'd the golden store,
 Sweet peace her bosom fled;
 He's gone, she cry'd, for evermore,
 Then sighing join'd the dead.

S O N G.†

THE BLACKBIRD'S SWEET WHISTLE.

WOULD ye know true enjoyment, come list to
 my lay,
 Where health and contentment are seen,
 View the mower that rises at dawn of the day,
 And trips o'er the mantle of green:

To

To the lark's early song,
 See, he trudges along,
 O'er many a briar and thistle:
 Then all cheerful and blithe,
 As he oft' whets his scythe,
 He'll sing to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

For say, what is riches compared to health,
 Or greatness to sweet peace of mind?
 The one may add pleasure, the other add wealth,
 But no real blifs in either we find,
 Like that, when the song
 Of the lark, calls along
 O'er many a briar and thistle;
 The brisk mower so blithe,
 Who does oft whet his scythe,
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

How sweet does a smile from the cot of content
 Cheer the peasant, when labour is o'er!
 Who ne'er once repines for what heaven's sent,
 But gratefully blesses its store:
 The lark's cheerful song
 Still calls him along
 O'er many a briar and thistle;
 Then all cheerful and blithe,
 He again whets his scythe,
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

SONG.

S O N G.*

SPRING WATER CRESSSES.

Sung by Miss Wingfield.

WHEN hoary frost hung on each thorn,
 'Ere night had well withdrawn her gloom,
 Poor Phoebe went one wint'ry morn,
 From Colnbrook down to Langley-Broom ;
 When from the brake, or from the rill,
 Half clad, and with neglected tresses.
 Her rushy baskets try'd to fill
 With fresh and green spring Water Cresses.

Yet many a cheerful strain she'd sing
 While wading thro' the chilling stream,
 Her thoughtless spirits were a-wing,
 With love, or with some jocund theme :
 Then with her humble merchandize,
 In hopes to conquer her distresses,
 Away to London next she hies,
 And cries her young spring Water Cresses.

Thro' many an alley, lane, or street,
 'Ere luxury had left her bed,
 You're sure poor Phæbe next to meet,
 Trying to get her daily bread :
 The wind and rain she oft' defies,
 Whene'er her purse some mite possesses,
 With cheerful voice she daily cries,
 Come buy my young spring Water Cresses.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MY friends all declare that my time is mispent,
While in rural retirement I rove;
I ask no more wealth than dame fortune has sent,
But the sweet little girl that I love:
The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove,
No lily was ever so white,
As the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The rose on her cheek, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise with to prove,
My happiness center's in Mary alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The rose on her cheek, &c.

SONG.

SONG.*

LUBIN'S RURAL COT.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RETURNING home across the plain,
 From market, t'other day,
 A sudden storm of wind and rain
 O'ertook me by the way:
 With speed I tript it o'er the ground,
 To find some kinder spot,
 And from the storm a shelter found,
 In Lubin's rural cot.

The swain had long confess'd a flame,
 But modestly conceal'd,
 Nor till those fav'ring moments came,
 His passion e'er reveal'd:
 Will you consent, sweet maid, cry'd he,
 To share my humble lot?
 Return my love, and mistress be,
 Of Lubin's rural cot.

He spoke so fair it pleas'd my mind,
 I, blushing, answer'd yes;
 He swore he would be true and kind,
 And seal'd it with a kiss:
 Next day the wedding ring was bought,
 I all my fears forgot,
 And blest the day I shelter fought,
 In Lubin's rural cot.

S O N G.

THE FORSAKEN SHEPHERD.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was;
 (Thus sadly complaining hecry'd)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far that I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town:
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love.

L

What

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd ;
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins sit weeping around ;
 Ah! Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair-one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid :
 Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant—and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found ;
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground :
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day :

While

Whi'e Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless, when, beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

S O N G.

HEIGHO.

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and shew;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,
 In sighing, and crying, heigho.

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquet as she does,
 And never sit crying, heigho.

Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, 'ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying, heigho.

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;
 When old you may cry till your heart aches,
 But no one will mind you—heigho.

S O N G.

HARK! HARK! THE SHRILL HORN.

HARK! hark! the shrill horn calls the sportsmen
abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay:
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay;
How sweet with a bottle and glass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day:
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune define,
Dull wisdom all happiness fours;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

SONG.

S O N G.

HONEST JACK.

HOW happy is the failor's life,
From coast to coast to roam;
In every port he finds a wife,
In ev'ry land a home:
He loves to range,
He's no where strange,
He ne'er will turn his back,
To friend or foe,
No, masters, no,
My life for honest Jack.

If faucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal;
We out, and quickly learn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal:
We know no craft,
But 'fore and aft,
Lay on our strokes amain:
Then if they're stout,
For t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.

Or fair or foul let fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull,
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow may be full:

For if so be,
 We want, d'ye see,
 A pluck of this here stuff,
 We'll out again,
 And thus obtain,
 Of shiners quite enough.

Then bless the King, and bless the state,
 And bless our Captains all;
 And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
 The British fleet befall:
 But prosperous gales,
 Where'er she sails;
 And ever may she ride,
 Of sea and shore,
 'Till time's no more,
 The terror and the pride.

S O N G.

AUSPICIOUS SPIRITS.

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
 In time of danger near him bide;
 With out spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside:
 And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh! may you then with me accord;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye

Ye winds your blust'ring fury leave;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm smooth bosom of the deep:
 'Till Hacyon peace return'd, once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G.

ETRICK'S BANKS.

ON Etrick's banks ae summer's night,
 At glooming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Came wading barefoot a' her lane:
 My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and kept her there su' lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn,
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When we come to the brig of Earn:
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herring at the Bromielaw;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought eneugh,
 When winter, frost and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 'Till the tender kid and lamb time bring,
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lads amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield:
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

S O N G.

WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE,

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 Yet, if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die 'ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn and let her go,
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

S O N G.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of a sacred old thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn,
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus fung,—tho' young Maddie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r;
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty, sweet Susan, his mistress might be.

S O N G.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

BY the gaily circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask we're told,
 How the waning night grows old:
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport away;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care twas made for you.

By

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretel the approach of morn :
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moment slip ;
 Flout the moralizing ails,
 Joy finds entrance at the lip.

S O N G.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish and complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me :
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 The bonny bush aboon traquair,
 Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad
 So sweetly there to find her :
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields were then frequented;
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted:
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May;
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 And let her smiles relieve me:
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon traquair,
 To lonely wilds I wander.

S O N G.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain,
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain:
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
 These eyes, then with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we'll repair;
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see, the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires!
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind;
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:
 Ah! wretch, how can life be worthy thy care,
 Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.

S O N G.

WHEN RURAL LADS AND LASSES GAY.

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay
 Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
 When round the maypole, on the green,
 The rustic dancers all were seen:

"Twas

'Twas there young Jenny met my view,
 Her like before I never knew:
 She sung so sweet, and danc'd so gay,
 Alas! she danc'd my heart away.

At eve when cakes and ale went round,
 I plac'd me next her on the ground:
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
 She shone more bright than all the rest:
 I talk'd of love and press'd her hand,
 Ah! who could such a nymph withstand?
 Well pleas'd she heard what I could say,
 Alas, she lur'd my heart away.
 She sung so sweet, &c.

She often heav'd a tender sigh,
 While rapture sparkled in her eye;
 So winning was her face and air,
 It might the coldest heart insnare:
 But when I ask'd her for my bride,
 And, blushing, she towed comply'd,
 What youth on earth could sav her nay,
 Whose charms might steal all hearts away.
 She sung so sweet, &c.

S O N G.

AMYNTA.

MY sheep I've forsaken and left my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forsook;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love:

O.

O what had my youth with ambition to do,
 Why left I Aminta? why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me of love;
 O fool to imagine that aught can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.
 O what had my youth, &c.

Alas 'tis too late at my fate to repine,
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth, &c.

S O N G.

BEAUTY.

WHAT is beauty but a flow'r,
 rose that blossoms for an hour;
 Cherish'd by the tears of spring,
 Fann'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing:
 See how soon its colour flies,
 Blushing trembles, droops, and dies:
 Age will come with wint'ry face,
 Ev'ry transient joy to chase.

Friendship's

Friendship's but an empty name,
 Glitt'ring like a vap'rish flame;
 Youth flies fast and soon decays,
 Bliss is lost while time delays:
 Deck, O, deck, your couch with flow'rs,
 Laugh away the sportive hours;
 Then since life's a fleeting day,
 Ah! enjoy it while you may.

S O N G.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

OF all sensations pity brings,
 To proudly swell the ample heart,
 From which the willing sorrow springs,
 In others griefs that bears a part:
 Of all sad sympathy's delight,
 The manly dignity of grief;
 A joy in mourning that excites,
 And gives the anxious mind relief:
 Of these would you the feeling know,
 Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
 That ever taught a heart to glow,
 'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
 Let dangers come, he braves them all;
 Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
 Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall:

Yet

Yet wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
 The world that now forgets his toil,
 He views from a retreat obscure,
 And quits it with a willing smile:
 Then traveller one kind drop bestow,
 'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
 Nought ever bid the heart to glow
 Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

S O N G.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER,

A SEQUEL TO POOR JACK.

WHEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now sing,
 Weigh'd anchor and cast out for sea;
 For he never refus'd for his Country and King
 To fight, for no lubber was he:
 To hand, reef, and steer, and bouse ev'ry thing tight,
 Full well did he know ev'ry inch;
 Tho' the toplists of sailors the tempest should smite,
 Jack never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the mast head one day he espied
 Seven sail which appear'd to his view,
 Clear the deck, sponge the guns, was instantly cry'd,
 And each to his station then flew:

And

And fought until many a noble was slain,
 And silenc'd was every gun:
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,
 For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not, bold Jack, tho' by conquest dismay'd
 Could tamely submit to his fate:
 When his country he found he no longer could serve,
 Looking round he address'd thus each mate;
 What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,
 Much nobler it were for to die:
 So now for old Davy—then plung'd in the main,
 E'en the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

S O N G.

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN BACKSTAY lov'd the gentle Anna,
 Constant as purity was she;
 Her honey words like succ'ring manna,
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea:
 One fatal morning saw them parting,
 While each the other's sorrows dried;
 They, by the tear that then was starting,
 Vow'd to be constant 'till they dy'd.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While roaring winds the seas deform,
 Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightful storm:

Alas!

Alas! in vain—the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting open'd wide;
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and dy'd.

The semblance of each lovely feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck;
 In fervent hope while Anna burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
 The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

S O N G.

THE LASS OF HUMBER-SIDE.

IN lonely cot, by Humber-side,
 I sit and mourn my hours away;
 For constant Will was Peggy's pride,
 And now he sleeps in Iceland bay:
 Still as the ships pass too and fro,
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,
 Where half the year is dreary night,
 He toil'd for me, and oft' would boast
 That Peggy was his sole delight:
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

Ah!

Ah! woe is me, I often cry,
 As thro' the broken panes I peep;
 And as the distant sails I spy,
 I think of dearest Will and weep:
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

If loud and swelling storms I hear,
 As on my lonesome bed I lay'd,
 All night alone for Will I fear'd,
 All night for Will alone I pray'd:
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

The bride knot which my love did wear,
 Loose hung a pendant o'er my door,
 And when it told the wind was fair,
 I fancy'd soon he'd be on shore:
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

At length the very ship I spy'd,
 In which my constant Will had sail'd,
 With haste I ran to Humber-side,
 And loud and oft' the sailors hail'd:
 The deck they travers'd to and fro,
 And answer'd nought but yo ya yo.

The boatswain, now, full near the shore,
 I ask for Will—he shook his head:
 I fear, said I, he is no more—
 His answer was, 'Poor Will is dead!'
 Ah! me, I fell, oppress'd with woe,
 And heard no more their yo ya yo.

SONG.

S O N G.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

TWAS at that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay:
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark! my love, on every spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd song,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around the modest brow of thine:
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm'd this ravish'd breast of mine.

S O N G.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THE sun just glancing through the trees,
 Gave light and joy to ilka grove,
 And pleasure in each southern breeze
 Awaken'd hope and slumbering love;
 When Jenny sung wi' hearty glee,
 To charm her winsome marrow,
 My banny laddie gang wi' me,
 We'll o'er the braes of yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blithest swains
 That ever pip'd on bonny brae;
 Nae lass could ken him free frae pain,
 Sae graceful, kind, sae fair and gay:
 And Jenny sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the the bonny maid,
 Her sparkling e'en had won his heart,
 No lass the youth had e'er betray'd ;
 No fear had she, the lad no art :
 And Jenny fung, &c.

S O N G.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes:
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove ;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love:
 Her beauty oft' had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll ;
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart :

My

My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 'Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No reater blessing can I prove,
 So blest'd a man am I:
 For beauty may awhile retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.

S O N G.

THE CAPTIVE.

AS mourns the soft songster confin'd from the
 spray,
 And changes to notes of lamenting his lay;
 So I, with my freedom, my spirits forego,
 And my ditties, alas! are all ditties of woe:
 O come then, my Henry, my well belov'd swain,
 Restore me to mirth and to freedom again;
 Or still if a captive I'm fated to be,
 Alone make me captive to love and to thee.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

O! young affection's glowing train,
By mutual fond endearment won;
At Hymen's altar claim the chain
That twines two willing hearts in one!

Have ye not seen in Flora's bow'r
Two roses on one stem respire?
So form'd by passion's blending power,
Two hearts are thron'd on one desire.

S O N G.

HOPE TO SOOTH A WANDERING LOVER.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

HOPE, to sooth a wandering lover,
One kind cheering ray discover,
While her lone abode I trace:
Oh! that fate may not oppress me,
Give a single smile to bless me,
Painted on Louisa's face.

M

SONG.

S O N G.*

I STRIVE TO CONQUER MIGHTY LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Duffey.

I STRIVE to conquer mighty love,
But find myself deceiv'd,
For ev'ry hour, alas! I prove,
The conquest unatchiev'd :
By day, by night, I seek in vain
For ease—complaints increase my pain.

S O N G.*

BRITISH UNION.

WHY drops that tear, Britannia? say,
Shake but thy lance, we'll all obey :
Why, drooping o'er thy fav'rite isle,
To crush the traitor, Britons smile :
Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
We'll swear allegiance to the King.

Tho' discord strikes the Gallic shore,
Where helmets shine and cannons roar,
May Briton's join each other's hand,
And concord reign throughout the land.
Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
We'll swear allegiance to the King.

Put

Put forth your strength, and riches bring,
 Long live our sov'reign Lord the King ;
 Tho' war-like clad, let sacred truth
 Arm both the ancient and the youth.
 Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
 We'll swear allegiance to the King.

S O N G.*

OH! NANNY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O H! Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the charming town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nancy, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that fast and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wishful, these gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

S O N G.

O, LOVE DECLARE.

Sung in the Travellers in Switzerland.

O LOVE, declare, sweet friendship say,
 Why, why should memory impart,
 A bliss or sorrow past away,
 To cheat, alas! the silly heart.
 On plighted vows, on transports dwell,
 Such, memory, alone impart,
 From thy record these fondly tell,
 And kindly cheat the silly heart.

SONG.*

WHAT THO' THE SABLE HOURS.

WHAT tho' the sable hours of night,
 From Sols bright lustre veil the sight;
 And curtain o'er each tree-topt hill,
 Each flow'ry lawn and limpid rill,
 To us more joy their presence yields
 Than all the charms of groves and fields;
 By the waxen taper's blaze,
 Beauty shoots her conq'ring rays.

Eyes their brilliant force impart,
 Looks transporting ev'ry heart:
 While catch or glee, so merrily,
 In sounds harmonious flow,
 Thus love and joy these hours employ,
 What more can life bestow.

SONG.*

A DRINKING SONG.

COME fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise,
 For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
 And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

When first I saw Betty, and made my complaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a faint;
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self int'rest, by Jove.

Sweet Celia came next, with her languishing air,
 Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair;
 But her mind was sophistical, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys,
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise;
 I know few of the sex who are worthy my love,
 And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

G L E E.†

LET THE SMILES OF YOUTH.

LET the smiles of youth appearing,
 Let the rays of beauty cheering,
 Drive the gloom of care away:
 Thus in strains of lively measure,
 We replete with joy and pleasure,
 Lengthen out each happy day:
 Far from the tumult of ambitious strife,
 Easy, contented, may we pass through life;
 Time can impair the lustre of our youth,
 But not of friendship, love, or sacred truth.

GLEE.

G L E E.*

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore,
 In the spring he would return,
 Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,
 And the bud that decks the thorn:
 'Twas the nightingale that sung,
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
 Idle notes, untimely green,
 Why such unavailing haste,
 Gentle gales, and sky serene,
 Prove not always winter past:
 Cease, my doubts, my fears remove,
 Spare the honor of my love.

S O N G.*

HARVEST HOME.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home:
 For Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, and our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His cann and his las in his hand.
 For Ceres bids play, &c.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
 In innocent pastime and mirth;
 While thus we carouse, with our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
 When Ceres bids play, &c.

S O N G.*

IF GOLD COULD LENGTHEN LIFE.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefeft care
 To get a stock, that I might say,
 When death comes to demand his prey,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way,

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought,
 And foolishly disturb the skies,
 With vain complaints and fruitless cries;

For since the fates will have it so,
 What good will gold or whining do:
 Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl;

Freedom

Freedom and health, and, while I live,
Let me not want what love can give ;
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This consolation in the grave,
That once I had the world my slave.

S O N G . *

YOUNG CARLOS.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

YOUNG Carlos sued a beauteous maid,
On her his happiness staking,
She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd,
Ah! me, my heart is breaking.

She took a swain, of large domain,
His humble love forsaking,
He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
Altho' his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
She found, with anguish aching,
He sunk, and gave her such a look,
Just as his heart was breaking.

S O N G.*

ELEMENT OF LIQUID BEAUTY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

ELEMENT of liquid beauty,
Mirror, chaste as op'ning day,
How enchanting is your duty,
Graceful nature to display.

Like the face of that fair creature,
Form'd for man's supreme delight;
Thine is deck'd with ev'ry feature,
That can captivate the sight.

G L E E.*

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE.

HOW merrily we live that soldiers be,
Round the world thus we march with merry glae;
On the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie,
No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
So long as we can see our colours fly.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE ARMED YEOMAN.

YEOMEN attend, who, sword in hand,
Stand forth your country's glory,
Who quit the plough to guard the land,
Come listen to my story:
Listen how France is still the foe
Of Britain's Constitution,
King, or Republicans, we know
In this no revolution.

C H O R U S.

These Frenchmen boast they'll hither come,
And mighty are in words, Sir,
But who invades a Briton's home.
Shall feel a Briton's sword, Sir.

They say they will (so kind and good)
Give freedom to all people;
Free they shall be to bathe in blood,
Free to burn church and steeple:
Free to lose all that's dear—and then
Free to keep what they have, Sirs,
Free, nor to think or act as men,
Free—to be France's slaves, Sirs.
These frenchmen, &c.

Britons well know, and e'er have known,
 That freedom ne'er was given
 But to those who deserve the boon,
 And then's the gift of heaven :
 The virtuous, brave, and kind are free,
 In this alone confin'd, Sirs,
 They cannot false or cruel be,
 They cannot change their mind, Sirs.
 We will not change, so let them come, &c.

Yeomen attend, your liberty
 Has no fine spun solution,
 But has a noble invent'ry
 Within the Constitution :
 Has never master but the laws,
 Which house as castle guard, Sirs,
 And in the rich and poor man's cause,
 Give equally award, Sirs.
 The laws we'll keep, so let them come, &c.

This invent'ry, as you'll perceive,
 Names freedom's dispensations,
 Names all herself can ever give,
 And all her best relations :
 Free industry to work or gain,
 Free what is gain'd t' enjoy, Sirs,
 Free words, free thoughts to entertain,
 Free talents best t' employ, Sirs.
 These rights we'll keep, so let them come, &c.

Thus free, whilst each may forward get,
 Each prosp'rous makes the nation ;
 Each adds his mite to make it great,
 Each patriot in his station :

Yeomen

Yeomen of England, brave and free,
 Defend such Constitution,
 Call truly new French policy,
 Old slavery with confusion.
 So tell these French, who boast they'll come, &c.

S O N G.

COLLINS'S SALLY.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

THE bard, who glows with Grub-street fire,
 In Sally's praise profuse is ;
 But know the Sally that I admire,
 'Tis wit alone produces :
 Sweet sprightly sylph, 'tis thee I mean,
 Then stand not shilly shally,
 But as thou art my fancy's queen,
 Ne'er let me want a Sally.

'Tis true, were told, in prose or rhyme,
 A wit is but a feather ;
 But let me lightly mount sublime,
 A rush for wind or weather ;
 For like the lark I'll soar and sing,
 While from the fordid valley
 The grov'ling earth-worm ne'er takes wing,
 Nor e'er enjoys a Sally.

Sallies

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,
 Are gladsome, gamesome gay things;
 But those who sport with pointed tools,
 Should handle well their playthings:
 Then haply when the stroke offends,
 No longer prone to rally;
 I'll silence keep to keep my friends,
 And check the sportive Sally.

And as old time speeds on apace,
 His sport and prey to make us,
 With hasty steps, and hot-foot chace,
 Determin'd to o'ertake us:
 When from the fally-port of life
 We rush to close life's tally,
 Releas'd from cank'ring care and strife,
 Triumphant be our fally.

S O N G.*

OLD ENGLAND'S A LION.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

OLD England's a lion stretch'd out at his ease,
 A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas:
 Should a monkey dare chatter, or a tyger claw,
 They tremble at his roar as he lifts up his paw;
 I love a neighbour's friendship, but he turned foe,
 Prepare to receive him with blow for blow.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHERE ARE THOSE HOURS FLED.

Sung by Mrs. Carey.

WHERE are those hours fled,
 That us'd to yield delight?
 My days with pleasure sped,
 And sweet repose at night:
 Within the shaded cot,
 Which stands on yonder lea,
 It was, alas! my lot,
 My Mary first to see.

Ah! were her love like mine,
 How happy had I been;
 Crown'd with such bliss divine,
 While Mary reign'd my queen:
 But she increas'd my woe,
 While at her feet I sigh'd,
 Disdain sat on her brow,
 Which all my love defy'd.

If beauty makes her vain,
 My Mary sure is wrong;
 For, ah! who can retain,
 Or boast of beauty long?
 My love is so sincere
 Should time her charms disguise,
 I'd love my Mary dear,
 'Till death had clos'd my eyes.

S O N G.

FAL LAL LA.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

A SHEPHERD lov'd a nymph so fair,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la;
And thus his passion did declare,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la;
For thee, dear maid, I long, in vain,
Have sigh'd nor ventur'd to complain,
Oh! now consent to ease my pain,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la.

Oh! could I gain thy tender heart,
Fal lal la, &c.

We'd join again no more to part,
Fal lal la, &c.

With thee I'd tread the daisy'd mead,
To view the herds and flocks at feed,
And home at eve thy footsteps lead,
Fal lal la, &c.

With blushing sweetness thus the maid,
Fal lal la, &c.

His honest passion brief repaid,
Fal lal la, &c.

I long, dear youth, thy love have known,
By ev'ry tender kindness shewn,
Then take my hand, my heart's thy own,
Fal lal la, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE BONNY COLLIER'S DAUGHTER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

WHEN hawthorn buds began to blow,
And linnets sung fra tree to tree,
Young Sandy, laird o'er a' the land,
And blithe as blithest lad could be,
Went o'er the moor to meet his love,
And o'er the moor he fought her,
And thus he fu'd, and thus he woo'd,
The bonny Collier's daughter.

Awa, awa, wi' me, sweet lass,
Awa, awa wi' me,
I gat me blame, and left my hame,
And a' for love of thee.

The lass was bright as beauty's queen,
Her mind was fansey, frank and free,
She ken'd the lad was blithe and fair,
And thought he was of low degree:
But still she lov'd him to her heart,
Whilst o'er the moor he fought her,
And thus he fu'd and fondly woo'd
The bonny Collier's daughter.
Awa, awa, &c.

Dear

Dear lass, he cry'd, I've won thy heart,
 While still ye thought me poor and mean;
 Of a' my wealth ye shall ha part,
 Were I a king you'd be a queen:
 Then o'er the moor he led his love,
 And o'er the moor he brought her,
 And thus he su'd, and thus he woo'd,
 The bonny Collier's daughter.
 Awa, awa, &c.

S O N G.

DELIA'S BIRTH DAY.

COME, festive mirth, and social joy,
 Drive care and sorrow far away;
 Hence ev'ry thought that may annoy,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

Ye pretty little warbling throng,
 That hop about from spray to spray,
 Ye charmers raise a livelier song,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

And you, ye streams that move so slow,
 And glide along your wat'ry way,
 In softer murmurs learn to flow,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

Return.

Return, ye vernal gales return,
 Thou sun diffuse a gladsome ray,
 And ush'ring in the happy morn,
 O smile on Delia's natal day.

S O N G.*

THE WAEFUL HEART.

Sung by Master Knyvett.

GEN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain;
 But in the darksome grave its laid,
 Never to rise again:
 My waeful heart lies low wi his,
 Whose heart was only mine,
 And ah! what a heart was that to lose,
 But I maun no repine.

Yet, Oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon,
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin Jamie's in the grave:
 And see, his gentle spirit comes,
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And, Oh! wie what gude will,
 I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.'

She

She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheeks possess'd,
Her waeiful heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

S O N G.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

FLOCK round me, ye pastoral swains,
To hear the glad tidings I bring,
A shepherdes visits our plains,
Whose presence enlivens the spring:
Complacency beams in her face,
With beauty that all must approve,
Her features so blended with grace,
She's surely the goddess of love.

In her ev'ry charm is combin'd,
No art in her manner you'll see;
Her sense most supremely refin'd,
With temper mild, open, and free:
To her form, like an angel's, is join'd,
A mind that's related above;
To the poor ever soothingly kind,
She must be the Goddess of Love.

Soft

Soft pity is trac'd in her breast,
 By the index that dwells in her eye;
 With a heart to relieve the distressed,
 And the wants of the needy supply:
 For the woe of all others she feels,
 Their suffering tries to remove,
 Her humanity plainly reveals,
 She must be the Goddess of Love.

Ah! sure she's a goddess indeed,
 On earth not her equal is found;
 Ye swains sound the musical reed,
 In her praise let the vallies resound:
 Could I this sweet treasure regain,
 And she my fond passion approve,
 No more I'd e'er wish to obtain,
 But life with my Goddess of Love.

S O N G.*

THE TANNER.

Sung by Mr. Knight.

MY father was a tinker's son,
 And I'm his boy 'tis ten to one,
 Here's pots to mend, was still my cry,
 Here's pots to mend, aloud bawls I:
 Have ye any tins, pots, kettles, or cans,
 Coppers to folder, or brass pans?
 Of wives my dad had near a score,
 And I have twice as many more;

And

And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the Lord (upon my soul he was) the
Lord knows who:

(Tis a hard matter for a child to know its own father,
besides my mother was a queen, O yes, she was
queen of the gypsies, and perhaps I was born a
prince, though now, like other tinkers, I mend
one hole and make two)

With my tan ran tan, tan ran tan,
For pot or cann, O I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got,
A barn-door capon, and what not;
Here's pots to mend, I cry'd along,
Here's pots to mend was still my song:
At village wake, O curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
The folk in clusters flock'd around.
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, peas and beans,
Besides a jolly tinker's (yes, by the Lord) a tinker's
ways and means

(Oh! they took my all, left me nothing but my pater-
nal estate, which consists of)——

With my ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come.
For want of cash the folks I hum;
Here's pots to mend, bring me some beer,
The landlord cries—you'll get none here,

You

You tinkering dog, your tricks I know,
 More beer indeed!—pay what you owe:
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score;
 At his expence we drown all strife,
 For which I praise the landlord (could not do less than
 praise) the landlord's wife:

(And because she was pretty—what eyes! what a
 shape!—another quart and score it up to the
 tinker—at any time should you want any little
 job done, you may command me)

And my ran tan, &c.

S O N G.*

THE MILKMAID.

A FLAXEN headed milkmaid,
 As simple as may be,
 And next a pretty dairy maid,
 I chanted o'er the lea:
 But now a saucy chambermaid,
 I've got a better place,
 I'll dress my head with ribbons fine,
 Set off my handsome face:
 When housekeeper promoted,
 I'll snip a butcher's bill,
 My lady's pockets empty,
 My own I mean to fill;
 And lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milk-maid
 That chanted o'er the lea.

I'll try to get a husband,
 No matter for the pelf,
 So I can have a title,
 Why then I please myself:
 Her Ladyship I long to be,
 A Lord or Knight I crave,
 If he is rich in honors,
 No matter if a knave:

I hope to be a peeress,
 And see a birth-day ball,
 With footmen drest so gaily,
 My carriage for to call:
 When lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milkmaid
 That chanted o'er the lea.

I'll send my Lord to India,
 His pockets for to fill,
 So he does get their treasure,
 The nabobs he may kill:
 With gold and diamond's loaded,
 When he returns again,
 For honors and for riches,
 I'll be foremost in the train:
 A Knight of Bath or Garter,
 I'll purchase him I vow,
 And then forget those merry days,
 When milking of the cow:
 So-lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milkmaid,
 That chanted o'er the lea.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE REQUEST.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me,
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square,
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part,
For every fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ;
Since all that is truly delighting in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

S O N G.

YE FAIR MARRIED DAMES.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar,
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

SONG.

S O N G.

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the
 tree,
 Which, O my sweet Shakespear, was planted by thee :
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree,
 Bend to thee,
 Blest mulberry ;
 Matchless was he
 Who planted thee,
 And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Who spread round their branches, whose heads sweep
 the sky,
 Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
 To root out the natives at prices so dear :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The oak is held royal is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our King, and will always our coast :
 But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
 While one, only one like our Shakespear can write :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs
 Pomona in-fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers ;
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies can suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs and the fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law, and phyfic, and grace for the church,
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
 And he gives the best phyfic for body and mind :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes its degree,
 Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
 So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
 Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be :
 Fill, fill, to the planter, the cup to the brim,
 To honour the country, do honor to him :
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

TO ARMS.

TO arms, ye brave mortals, to arms,
The road to renown lies before you;
The name of king Shakespeare has charms,
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away, ye brave mortals, away,
'Tis nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would nature obey,
And fight for her Shakespeare for ever.

S O N G.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away
 At every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd—she sigh'd, he hung his head:
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G.

THE SUN WAS SUNK.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
 When in the silence of the grove
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
 From the hard rock or oozy beach,
 Who from each weed that barren grows,
 Expects the grape or downy peach,
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, or gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas, is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens' hearts are bought and sold !
 They ask no vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh they sigh for gold :
 Gbld can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast
 What wealth, what riches would suffice?
 Yet India's shore could never boast,
 The lustre of thy rival eyes ;
 For there the world too cheap must prove ;
 Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just as fair, and value more
 Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
 Let treasure meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

SONG.

S O N G.

TO THE MEMORY OF W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid;
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid:
 They call'd him the pride of the plain,
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
 But never would rife their cell:
 Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year:
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equall'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain,
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

S O N G.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose,
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 But Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed:
 No daisy, or sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush:
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains in my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair:
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

S O N G.

DEAR CHLOE.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love is still founded,
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You will find to be very ill grounded,
 When first you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindnets will vastly improve,
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love :
 And though the beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darknets obscure all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You oft' have regarded with wonder,
 He is dropfical, she is sore ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder :
 Together they totter about,
 And sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a pipe more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother,
 Then what are the charms you can guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these,
 And the current of fondness still flows
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

S O N G.

ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 Whole flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home:
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;
 None, once, was so watchful as I:
 I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire:
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn,
 I have bid my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine:

I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
 Beyond all that pleas'd me before,
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
 Why wander thus pensively here?
 O, why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
 They tell me, my favorite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown!
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 Yet I thought— but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart:
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew,
 My path I could hardly discern;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but some relic away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine:
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

SONG.

S O N G.

HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites me to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep:
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar twines it around:
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire,
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there;
O how sudden the jessamin strove
With the lilac to render it gay:
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves,
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed :
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I heard her with sweetness unfold,
 How that pity was due to—a dove :
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the sister of love :
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sigh, ?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains, and this velley despise ?

Dear

Dear regions of silence and shade,
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray,
 And where are her grots and her bow'ls?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G.

SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove,
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe:
 With her mien she enamours the brave,
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave,
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise:

When

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town,
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay, on him let not Phillida frown—
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favor with Phillis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—O may Phillis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure is as cold;
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phillis's feet:
 O Phillis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamin flow'r!
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
 What is eglantine after a show'r?

There

Then the lily no longer is white,
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
 Then the violets die with despight,
 And the woodbines give up their perfume:
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
 Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise,
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's eyes:
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger's to Padriel's tongue;
 Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

S O N G.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep:
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep:
 Yet do not my folly reprove,
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me:
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire,
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure:
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain,
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose:
 Yet time may diminish the pain;
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme:

High

High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own:
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly,
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
 I would vanish from every eye:
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove,
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she smil'd — and I could not but love;
 Was faithless — and I am undone.

S O N G.

THE REQUEST.

SWEET peace restore my wonted rest,
 No longer let me prove
 The pangs that rend the hapless breast,
 Of unrequited love:
 By thee protected, let me lie,
 And shun the scorn of beauty's eye.

But should, ye pow'rs, the sweet, sweet maid,
 My pains with pity view;
 And though my sighs too weakly plead,
 Lament a swain so true:
 Far greater torments bid me prove,
 I'll die adoring, die for love.



SELECT

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

LOYALTY without servility, and freedom without faction.

To him who knows how to value a friend.

To the man that loves liberty and his country.

May prosperity be the guardian of adversity.

May we always take the right road thro' the journey of life.

May true love and honor always go together.

May the morality of individuals prove the policy of nations.

Hope and happiness in every state of life.

Instability to the councils of Britain's enemies, foreign and domestic.

Labour's true reward to every Briton—content and plenty.

>

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

- Love, liberty, and length of blissful days,
To him who seeks not but would merit praise.
May the miser live unfriended, and die unlamented.
May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.
May power prove a curse when it is not a friend to
truth and justice.
May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.
May the force of unanimity overcome the boldness of
faction.
May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the hand.
May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the
faces of the British fair.
May the union of persons be always founded on that
of hearts.
May prosperity never make us arrogant, nor adversity
mean.
May the produce of Britain ever exceed her consump-
tion.
May the British loaf never exceed the reach of the
poorest.
May religion and politics flow from upright and liberal
principles.
May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.
Society's surest cements—temperance and modesty.
The fruit of good deeds to the winter of our lives.
When our country calls may our hearts never fail us,
Warmth to every heart in a good cause.
Conscious innocence and constant independence.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others
never shed a tear for its own.

The sun-shine of plenty to the retreat of goodness.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May the horns of the buck never disgrace the brows of
the sportsman.

May the wiles of the fox never reach the breast of
pursuers.

May the hunters of men be detested by all mankind.

Vigorous health and a flowing purse to every honest
sportsman.

Health in our sports, harmony in our cups, and honesty
in our loves.

The three W's—wine, wisdom, and wealth.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

The mirth of good humour for ever unmixed with
political sourness.

When virtue demands the reward of her deeds, may
the liberal hand bestow the benefaction.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable
garment.

May the wings of love never receive a moulting thro'
the means of a severe reprimand.

May he who has spirit to resent a wrong, have a heart
to forgive it

May the bud of affection be ripen'd by the sun-shine
of sincerity.

FINIS.



